

BACHELOR

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG AT HEART

Exclusive Photos:

BACHELOR CRASHES
A "TWIST" PARTY
AT THE FAMOUS
PEPPERMINT LOUNGE

JUNE • FIFTY CENTS

B K



THE TRUTH ABOUT THOSE "NUDIE" MOVIES

TOM LEHRER • JEROME WEIDMAN • DON ADAMS • GEORGE SHEARING



AT EASE...

with winsome Wendy Withers
to set the mood for this issue
of BACHELOR, a magazine
that's chockful of top articles,
fiction, humor and glamor!

BACHELOR

JUNE, 1962 / VOL. 3, NO. 4

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What a "Twist," when the elite meet the "beat!" See p. 62

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Cover Photo by Jim Sullivan

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BACHELOR'S



BOOKSHELF

BY LARRY DANN

AUGUST 6, 1945 has gone down in history as the day nuclear warfare became a reality. It was on August 6, 1945 that the United States dropped an atom bomb on the city of Hiroshima, Japan. With the threat of nuclear warfare an omni-present fact, Robert Jungk's retelling of what happened to Hiroshima bears careful attention.

In "CHILDREN OF THE ASHES," published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Mr. Jungk recreates the horror of the Hiroshima bombing with an immediacy of style and a close attention to detail that turn stark fact into overwhelming drama. Despite himself, the reader is drawn into the events following the atomic holocaust in such an all-encompassing manner that the words printed on the pages seem to entwine themselves around his very brain until he is no longer merely reading, but, in a subjective sense, actually living them. The painstaking research which obviously went into this book shines forth from every paragraph and it is difficult to separate the praiseworthy craftsmanship of Mr. Jungk as a writer from the intrinsically emotional power of the material which he has chosen to weave into this book.

By dint of flashback, the reader follows the moments following the dropping of the bomb and all the days and years since. Told by a young Japanese of Hiroshima who is in jail for murder, the accounts of the bombing are electrically horrifying:

"Crowds of maddened people were running like demented lemmings, trying to get across the river. They were screaming and it sounded like one enormous voice . . . Their skin hung from them like strands of dark seaweed! Instead of noses, holes! Their ears and hands were so swollen as to be shapeless . . . In their terror of dying they clawed their way over one another, their eyes hanging from their sockets, pushing one another into the river, and screaming all the time."

There are many more accounts of the horror of that day and of the days following. The very fact that man is still considering using these weapons of destruction indicates the necessity for describing them.

Mr. Jungk's voice bears listening to:

"For it was no quick and total death, no heart attack of a whole city, no sudden, agonizing ending that struck Hiroshima. A mercifully quick release, such as is granted even to the vilest criminals, was denied to the men, women and children of Hiroshima. They were condemned to long drawn out agonies, to mutilations, to sickness, to endless sickness."

In the aftermath of destruction, the people of Hiroshima felt much bitterness that they had been singled out for this 'experiment' in warfare. Writes Mr. Jungk:

"They had been through more than a bombing: they had 'experienced the end of the world.'"

One of the special disabilities that befell the people of Hiroshima was that of procreation. The author records the findings of a Japanese sociologist who studied thousands of orphans whose parents were killed by the bomb. The sociologist found "a fear of forming attachments and of producing children of their own is overwhelmingly great among the majority of these young people. He explicitly connects this with the fear of possible radiation damage to the genes and of misbirths."

Despite the horror of what they had been through, the people of the city were able to overcome it and to begin the enormous task of rebuilding.

It is remarkable that mankind throughout its long history has always been able to survive the most unbelievable adversities. And so the people of Hiroshima began to rejuvenate their city.

Much of the credit belongs to the Mayor, Shinzo Hamai, who struggled against fantastic odds midst the chaos following the bomb. They received very little assistance from the rest of their country which had received much damage from conventional bombings. The American occupation forces were having problems of their own and were also unable to help.

There followed the usual black marketeering, crime and vice that comes in the wake of great disaster. But though man's lower instincts were aroused, so were his higher instincts. There were many beautiful poems written as a result of the holocaust. These remain as a great tribute to the strength of the Japanese people.

Today, the city of Hiroshima stands as a thriving industrial center. It has named itself the "City of Peace" in the hope that the remembrance of what happened to it can serve as a warning to people everywhere.

Mr. Jungk is most critical of the American scientific studies being performed in the city which, he says, have been carried out in an atmosphere of detachment that "must be regarded as a grossly callous, indeed an inhuman performance."

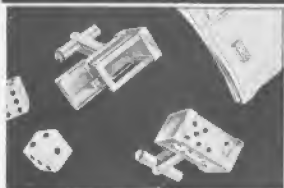
Whether or not you agree with Mr. Jungk, you will have to be affected by this very moving portrayal of a city, its destruction and its rebirth.

The issue of nuclear warfare is a current one and a controversial one. With the experience of Hiroshima to draw on, one cannot help but think that surely there must be a better solution to the complex problems facing the world today than bigger and better means of total destruction.

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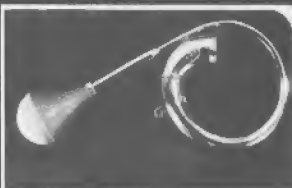
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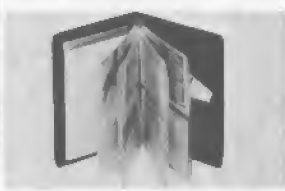
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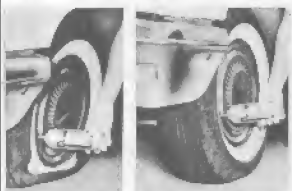
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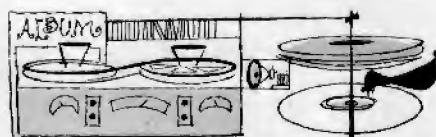
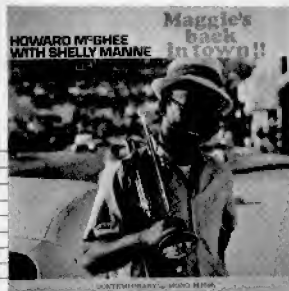
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LONG PLAYING BACHELOR

LAWRENCE GOES LATIN (United Artists). Steve Lawrence lends his musical talents to the mood and tempo South of the Border. With a dozen standards usually performed any way but Latin, he wends his way through *It's Alright With Me*, *Shall We Dance?*, *Just In Time* and *Bewitched*, *Bothered* and *Bewildered* all with a latin beat. Good for listening and dancing.

RUTH PRICE WITH SHELLY MANNE AND HIS MEN AT THE MANNE HOLE (Contemporary). Dancer turned singer Ruth Price is a good looking chick with a voice that makes you listen. A jazz singer in every sense of the word, Ruth comes on big in this 'live' recording at Shelly Manne's Manne Hole, a jazz club in Hollywood. Along with standards such as *I Love You*, *Crazy He Calls Me* and *I Know Why*, Ruth has wisely included some wonderful seldom heard numbers like Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein's *Nobody Else But Me*, Rodgers and Hart's *Nobody's Heart* and Leonard Bernstein's *Who Am I?*

NEW ORLEANS/THE LIVING LEGENDS (Riverside). Riverside Records has released two albums in their Living Legend series. The first of these, **BOURBON STREET** features the Louis Cottrell Trio playing the New Orleans style of music known as 'back porch'. With Louis on clarinet, Emanuel Sayles on guitar, McNeal Breaux on bass, the trio plays effortlessly a wide variety of tunes, including *Perdido*, *Bourbon Street Parade* and *Blues for Dixie*.

The second album presents Kid Thomas and his Algiers Stompers featuring Emile Barnes. This is genuine New Orleans jazz in the 'soul' category. Trumpeter Thomas tunes up with clarinetist Barnes in a deeply moving *When My Dreamboat Comes Home*. Louis Nelson, trombonist, does a fine job on *Some Of These Days*. An excellent example of pure New Orleans jazz.

MAGGIE'S BACK IN TOWN (Contemporary). Howard McGhee, not having been heard from of late, proves on this disc he's very much a part of the jazz scene. So for all those who have been wondering what's happened to Howard, this record will tell them he's back and better than ever. Combined with Phineas Newborn Jr. at the piano, LeRoy Vinnegar on bass and Shelly Manne on drums, McGhee has produced a rare session of contemporary jazz.

BRIGHT AND BREEZY (Jazzland). The Red Garland Trio consists of Red on piano, Dam Jones on bass and Charlie Persip on drums. They play together with perfect cohesiveness and that isn't always easy to find. Of the selections, three are ballads (*You'll Never Know*, *What's New* and *What Is There To Say*), three were written by jazzmen (*Blues in the Closet* by Oscar Pettiford, Neil Hefft's *L'il Darlin'* and Bud Powell's *So Sorry Please*), one is the theme from the film *Green Dolphin Street* and the last is the swingin' *I Ain't Got Nobody*. Good listening!

THELONIOUS MONK WITH JOHN COLTRANE (Jazzland). The controversial Thelonius Monk teams his piano with tenor sax sensation John Coltrane and prove progressive jazz has to be reckoned with. All compositions are by Monk and are important additions to the serious jazz buff. Accompanied by Wilbur Ware on bass and Shadow Wilson on drums on side #1, the line-up on side #2 includes Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax, Gigi Gryce, alto sax, Ray Copeland, trumpet and Art Blakey on drums.

SETTLIN' IN (Riverside). The Dick Morgan Trio are fairly new in jazz circles but are "Settlin' In" just fine, thank you, due to the outstanding music they play. Morgan is loaded with confidence as he swings his way through the title tune and *Take The A Train*, gets tenderly emotional in *Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child* and attacks with vigor Nat Adderley's *Work Song*.

FOR REAL (Contemporary). Nat Hentoff has written of Hampton Hawes, "driving, stomping passion, forceful, imaginative, emotionally moving" and possessing "a depth of lyricism." John Tynan called him "one of the foremost piano talents of our generation." These are mighty words to have heaped upon you. But one listen to this album will convince the most skeptical that the bouquets are deserved. Hampton Hawes creates unmatched excitement.



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people of Chicago for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, **HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH**, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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P LLAR OF SALT





Painting Patty in the altogether might have been fine from the point of view of artistic satisfaction, but in terms of masculine frustration it was getting to be more than the painter could stand. It wasn't just that vitally placed green napkin, it was Patty's prudishness that led to stern measures!

FICTION BY PETER KIRKLAND

ONCE UPON A TIME a girl who DID had a girl who DIDN'T as a roommate. This disturbed the DID greatly as the situation left practically nothing to talk about.

Just the same, DIDN'T wasn't the kind you find home nights with a good book. She was out to learn about LIFE using DID's friends, that is to say all the young men who did with DID, as tutors.

One young man, an artist named Haddy, even got DIDN'T to pose in the nude. She liked the sophisticated feeling it gave her, he was between sales and needed a model so badly he was even willing to have one who only posed.

Haddy was of the NEW SOPHISTICATION and when DIDN'T covered a vital portion of her anatomy with a green-bordered napkin she found on the table beside the tall pewter salt shaker, Haddy said nothing.

"It's funny to think of me doing this," DIDN'T offered proudly one day when the painter was crouched over a problem on his canvas and had ignored her for more than ten minutes.

Haddy grunted. He had reached an impasse; the painting was complete down to her navel and up from her toes to her thighs. That damned napkin, the little square of green-bordered white cloth, was holding back ART.

"Um . . . say, Patty," Haddy murmured, for that was her name, "could you, um, drop that napkin for a few minutes. Er . . . you see, Patty, I've come to that part."

"I can't. Oh, really I couldn't. I, er . . ."

"You DON'T," Haddy supplied the missing word firmly but without passion. "Patty, dear Patty," he implored, "it doesn't matter that you DON'T. This is for ART, not for old Haddy. Please! Please drop the napkin."

"No!" replied Patty. She wouldn't because she DIDN'T; and in Patty's mind display and participation were one and the same thing. (Continued on page 70)

THE



SHAKESPEARE SAID IT in *Twelfth Night*: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Now, it is a safe bet that Shakespeare didn't have comics on his mind when he wrote that statement. But, nevertheless, it applies.

Some comics are natural clowns. They are born great. All they need do is walk onto a stage, a nightclub floor, or, for that matter, into your own living-room and you start giggling. You can't explain why. It's an automatic reaction. They are just naturally funny people.

Then there are those who achieve comedic greatness. Of course, they begin with talent. If they worked next to you in an office, they would keep you laughing all day long. As kids, they were the clowns of their neighborhoods. But to achieve greatness, they had to work: Work at their timing, work at their ability to handle an audience, work at their sense of the comic.

The final category, those who have greatness thrust upon them, are usually people from other branches of show-business—actors, perhaps, or maybe singers—who are thrust into comedy. Tom Poston

is one example. He is an actor who took on a comic role for the Steve Allen show and then became known as a comedian.

As for myself, I probably fall in between types two and three. I consider myself an actor, primarily, who projects comedy material. I can write comedy and as an actor I know how to project it. I have a talent for timing and a good sense of the comic. At home, though, I'm a fairly quiet man who does not attempt to continually break up my friends the way a more natural clown does.

So much for me.

This piece will not be about myself. Instead, I'm going to stick my neck out and give some frank opinions of some of my colleagues. I'll discuss them, not so much in terms of which class they fall into—for representatives of all three can be equally good or not so good—but in terms of what they do with their talent. In other words, I will tell you how other comics appear to me when I'm out in the audience.

Before I leave the subject of natural clowns, however, I suppose I should mention a few to show you what I mean. Martha Raye is a perfect example.

LAUGH'S ON US

When a top comic takes a critical look at some of his contemporaries, the lauds mix with the laughs and let the vitriol splash where it may. What the hey, it's all in fun!

BY DON ADAMS



She is a wonderful clown and, incidentally, one of my three favorite comediennesses (the other two are Carol Burnett and Kay Ballard). Only recently, I appeared on the Perry Como television show with Martha. During rehearsals, she kept a group of highly sophisticated and professional people in a state of hysterics. How? Simply by being Martha Raye; a natural clown.

Martha, incidentally, as well as the other two women I mentioned, manages to avoid one of the biggest traps for comediennesses. That is a loss of femininity. This can be especially dangerous when a woman walks on stage and attempts to grab her audience and do a stand-up routine like a male comic. This is probably why there are so few successful female monologists. Phyllis Diller is the only one I can think of, off hand.

Jack E. Leonard is another natural clown. Jack is a man with perhaps the sharpest comedy mind in the business. And off-stage, he is even funnier than he is when he is performing.

I suppose I don't have to mention that this man is the acknowledged master of insult and ad lib. There is absolutely no one who can keep up with him. I don't know of a comic who is willing to trade ad libs with Jack because he can rip anyone to shreds without really trying. But I will let you in on a small trade secret. Off-stage, Leonard is the sweetest, gentlest man I know!

If you want the name of the man who is the comic's comic, it is George Burns. He has a great comedy mind and his timing cannot be topped, even

by Jack Benny. Most of his work, however, has an "inside" flavor to it. To the public, he is merely Gracie Allen's husband and straight man.

Jack Benny is such a universally respected genius that it is hard to find anything new to say about him. He has a marvelous sense of timing, of course, and over the past quarter century has made such a firm identification with a particular character that all he has to do is give a long look and the audience breaks up.

All comedy, I believe, is based on misdirection. You start going one way and then throw a shocker that will start your audience laughing. But this doesn't effect the fact that comedy runs in cycles.

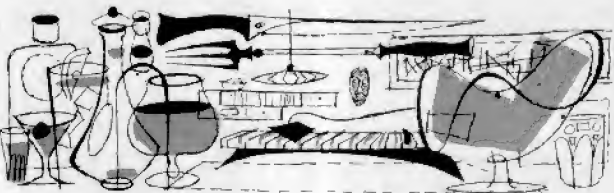
At one time, for example, the slapstick, burlesque, ultra-corny humor, which at its best was exemplified by the Marx Brothers, was in style. In the early days of television, Milton Berle brought vaudeville and slapstick to the then 15 and 17 inch screen.

Then, everything changed. A more low-key, gentler, quiet brand of humor came into vogue, especially on television.

The interesting thing is that this change was signaled by one man: George Gobel. Public acceptance of his program started this revolution in comedy. And even though the Gobel show is no longer around, the trend which it started is. Most TV comedy, today, is of the quiet, more honest type that Gobel first introduced to video.

Sid Caesar was another great television comic. I think of him as the (Continued on page 72)

BACHELOR'S APARTMENT



For the bachelor who lives alone, but wants company, here's the lowdown on pets!

LET'S FACE IT: The kind of pet that any healthy bachelor likes most to keep in his apartment is curvy, warm, likes lots of laughs and kicks, and is fun to wake up to!

Unfortunately, this particular sort of pet is hard to find and still harder to keep. And if you do find one, she's apt to cost more than you bargained for. A good many bachelors, therefore, choose pets of a more orthodox nature to keep them company — at least between visits of fair companions.

And animals do have a good deal to recommend them. They may not be as pleasant by candle-light as a beautiful woman, but they have their own virtues. In the first place, as George Eliot said, "they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms." Show me a woman you can say that about!

The big question is what sort of creature to choose.

Personally, I think the ideal animal for a bachelor is a cat. Cats will adapt wonderfully to all sorts of irregular hours. They need little care. They never have to be walked. All their physical needs are taken care of by a box filled with dirt, sawdust or a commercial product such as "Kitty Litter." Don't worry about training the cat to use his box, he will quickly train himself.

One word of warning: Don't expect "dog like" loyalty or affection from a cat. Like women, felines are strangely independent creatures. They may live with you and allow you to pet them—but only on their own terms.

Cats come in a variety of sizes, types and styles—though not nearly as many as dogs. The most common is the domestic short-hair or plain old-fashioned alley cat. He isn't to be sneered at, though. He's probably tougher and more playful than the pure breeds, and anthropologists

BY MORTON J. GOLDING

claim he is almost exactly the same as the sacred cat of the ancient Egyptians.

You can buy an alley cat for very little money, or no money, at all. Pure breeds cost \$15 and up, depending on how high you want to go. Some cats cost as much as \$100 or more. Generally speaking, a cat will cost less than a dog of equal breeding.

Two of the most popular breeds are the Siamese, who is quite friendly and playful for an aristocrat, and the long-haired Persian cat. More esoteric brands are the Chinchilla, the Turkish and the Blue Persian.

A lot of men, of course, wouldn't have a feline in their flat. When they think of a house pet, they think of dogs and only dogs.

While I don't necessarily agree with this point of view, it does have a good deal to say for it. As I mentioned before, dogs are far more loyal than cats. The faithful canine who saves his master's life is almost cliché. A cat, on the other hand, would happily lap up a saucer of cream while his owner was being beaten to death by hoods.

Also, dogs will romp and play with you and will make themselves a real part of your life.

They do need more care, though. They must be walked regularly and fed properly. Also they cost more than cats.

The most popular dog, today, is still the plain "dog" or mongrel. He has a lot of good qualities, too. He is harder than a pure bred dog and less apt to be highly strung. You can buy a mixed breed at a pound or local animal shelter for only \$5 or so.

With a pure breed, you know pretty much what you're getting as to size and temperament. If you want

a pedigree, however, be prepared to spend at least \$35 or so.

The most popular pure breed of dog today is a beagle. One of these will run you about \$40 or more when you buy him as a pup. Other popular breeds are German Shepherds (\$85), cocker spaniels (\$40), dachshunds (\$65), and collies (\$55).

As far as size is concerned, it's a good idea not to get a dog that is too large. First of all, a large dog can eat you out of house and home. Secondly, a large dog does not like to be cooped up all day while you're at work—especially if your pad is a fairly small affair.

Some men prefer pets that they can use mainly for display, such as tropical fish. These come in an assortment of shapes, colors and sizes. Many of them are beautiful and many tropical fish displays are truly effective.

Don't kid yourself that they won't cost you work or money, though. What with keeping fresh water in your aquarium and making sure everything is at the proper temperature (and salinity, if you go in for salt water fish), a nice looking set-up can run as high as \$100 or more. The cheapest tropical fish set-ups will cost about \$15 to \$20.

If you want to impress everybody as being slightly unusual, you can always go for one of the large number of off-beat animals which you can pick up from time to time at pet shops. These include spider monkeys (cost: about \$50), deodorized skunks (\$15 to \$20), anteaters (\$150 and worth it, perhaps, if you like to go on picnics), and even vultures (\$10).

Some of these will make fine pets. The vulture, for example, is playful and friendly, if you can ignore his rather peculiar eating habits. Most of us, though, will stick to the tried and true dog and cat. # # #

FLESH and the ARTIST



Just how fleeting art can be is shown here by a French abstractionist and his luscious model, Suzanne Ami, whom he painted as few girls have ever been painted before. What was so unique? Just this: Suzanne wasn't his subject; she was the object upon which artist Rene Rouvier daubed!



See next page











Rouvier framed Suzanne's frame in order to get a better perspective, then deftly began daubing.



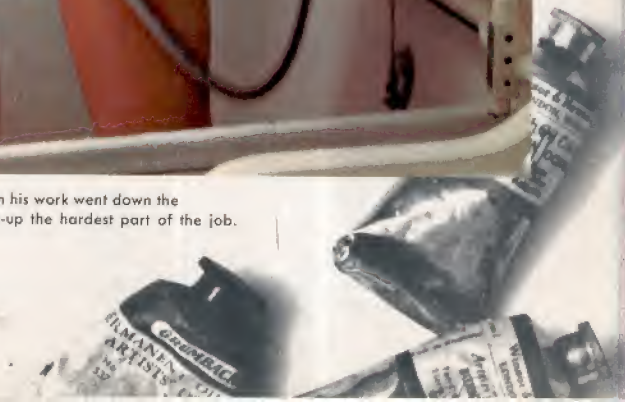
Halfway through painting the front, Rouvier took time out to show Suzanne one of his abstracts.



ONLY THE MOST dedicated artists take their work as seriously as Rene Rouvier, a French abstractionist whose paintings have created much interest recently in European art circles. Therefore, although it might seem that he was being frivolous when he undertook to paint a series of water colors on the bare torso of model Suzanne Ami, such was not the case. Rouvier was in earnest in trying to convey the contrast between the living flesh which was his canvas and the mass death of the subject he was trying to convey there. He called the painting "Atomic End" and, as it appeared on Suzanne's back, it showed the world in a mass of blue being overpowered by an oppressive, swirling cloud of red representing nuclear destruction. A depressing topic, and when Rouvier thought about it, he decided his vibrant canvas was worthy of something more in keeping with its own innate joyousness. So he utilized the front of Suzanne's body for a more orthodox work, a landscape he called "Wild Stream." This work, with its gay blue sky, bubbling green waterway and orange feel of torrid summer, was eminently suited to the personality of the beauty. Suzanne has always been the kind of girl whose personality vacillates between the sparkle of *joie de vivre* and the sultriness of introspective yearnings. She is a native of Brussels, where Rouvier has his studio, and at the age of 21 is the top artists' model in that city. Her comment after she'd washed off Rouvier's work was: "I enjoy being painted. It doesn't matter how." ###



The artist took it philosophically when his work went down the drain, but Suzanne found scrubbing-up the hardest part of the job.



THERE'S NO BASE LIKE HOME

THE PROBLEM of where to take a girl on a date, long a vexing one to single men, is herewith answered by BACHELOR. The solution is a simple one—take her dining, dancing, to the movies, wherever you think she'd most enjoy going, but make sure of one thing: never leave your bachelor apartment! The question of how all these varied activities may be enjoyed to fullest advantage within your own four walls is answered here by Bob Tupper, popular BACHELOR cartoonist who firmly believes that when it comes to entertaining the fair sex, there's no base of operations like home! ***

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB TUPPER



ART EXHIBIT

Etchings may seem corny to you, but a nice collection can still be very impressive.



NIGHT SPOTS

There's nothing like a quiet little bar with a romantic setting.



DANCING

Dance her right off her feet—then the fun begins!



MOVIES

The advantage of home movies is that by a careful selection of films, you can get your subliminal message across.



DINING

Every girl likes to be wined and dined occasionally, so do it up right.



WRESTLING MATCHES

Demonstrate the finer points of the sport—like pinning her to the mat and teaching her to say "yes."



COSTUME PARTY

The fun here depends on selecting a costume you can horse around in.





THE

TRUTH



BY HARRY GREGORY

Low-budget movies which combine buffoonery with a bare-all approach to sex are stirring up the bluenoses all over the country. Are they just good, clean — albeit sexy — fun? Or are such films really endangering the morals of the nation? Here are the facts!

ABOUT THOSE 'NUDIE' MOVIES

EVER SINCE ADAM bit that apple, the world has been divided into two camps; pro- and anti-fig-leaf. Down through the ages the battle between the bluenoses and the bare-all buffs has raged over such things as sculpture, painting, literature, dancing and other forms of entertainment. Since the advent of Tom Edison's "Magic Lantern," it has raged consistently and stormily over movies. But never has the furor reached such a peak as in recent months with the appearance on the cinema scene of the "Nudie" movie.

In the "Nudie," Adam, for 80 minutes or so, may be returned to a clothesless Eden. Latest of the "Nudies," "Adam & Six Eves" (see full-color picture story beginning on p. 20), improves on the original Eden by featuring a well-rounded half-dozen Eves in various stages of anti-fig-leaf allure. Such allure, combined with a kidding approach to its subject matter, has resulted in "Nudie" movies becoming the storm center of a controversy that started in Hollywood, blanketed the nation and is spreading to other parts of the world.

To understand this explosive reaction, let's take a look at the "Nudie" itself. What is it? Who makes it? Where is it shown? Is it lewd and ribald, or is it good, clean—albeit sexy—fun? Are people outraged by it, or do they really want to see it? In other words, what's the real truth about those "Nudie" reels?

The "Nudie"—also called "Strippie" or "Peeper"—is a motion picture which utilizes the old bur-

lesque format of combining female undress with risqué humor. The plot is usually ultra-simple and sexy, in many cases the kind of boudoir farce which made the old *Comedie Francaise* so successful.

The male lead in the "Nudie" is usually portrayed by a burlesque, or night-club circuit comedian. Hank Henry, a well-known night-spot comic is starred in "Not Tonight Henry," one of the first of the "Nudies." Randy Brent, a runway comic, shares leading-man honors with a jackass in "Adam & Six Eves." (The jackass supposedly narrates the film). An upcoming "Nudie," "The Adventures of Lucky Pierre," will star nitery comic Billy Falbo.

The girls who appear in the "Nudies" are usually not professional actresses. They come from the ranks of figure models, show girls and exotic dancers. Two of the girls in "Adam," Leigh Sands and Barbara Stakey (see pages 24-25), are featured Las Vegas performers who use different names in their night club billing. The pay-scale is usually \$50 per day to the girls appearing in a "Nudie," according to an article in "Variety."

In the same article, "Variety" said "Nudie" producers "according to police spokesmen, are men who have been in the mail order biz of providing nude studies. Others have been operators of peep shows..." This seems an unwarranted description. The men who made the first "Nudie," "The Immoral Mr. Teas," are Russ Meyers and Pete DeCenzie. Meyers was a professional photographer whose work appeared in national magazines before he went

See following pages for picture story. Text continued on p. 74

ON LOCATION WITH a 'NUDIE'

Producers of low-budget "Nudies" believe in letting pictures speak for themselves. So here's the latest, "Adam & Six Eves." Naughty? Perhaps. But doggone nice!



MADE IN 3-D by Desert Productions, an outfit headed by former producer of H'wood science fiction films Roberto Rico, "Adam & Six Eves" was shot on a five-day schedule in a large warehouse in Los Angeles. The plot concerns a city fellow who buys a jackass and goes out in the desert to hunt gold. It's narrated by the jackass, who relates how they stumbled on an oasis where there were six lovely girls (above) and how they made a fuss over him (l.). The humor of the girls coddling the jackass while ignoring his owner is finally dispensed with (bottom, r.) when they begin to work their wiles on Adam, as played by Randy Brent. Just how considerable those wiles are may be judged from a close-up look at two of the "Eves" atop the opposite page, Leigh Sands (l.) and Lori Sheldon (r.). Just completed, "Adam & Six Eves" has already aroused booking interest among movie theatre owners in the U.S. and abroad. ##

See next page









ON LOCATION WITH a 'NUDIE' cont.



REACTING TO interest evinced in the film, the producers are currently arranging for European bookings. Foreign language titles will be kept at a minimum since the ways in which the sirens delay Adam are self-evident. No translation necessary for dances and lures like Shirley Bryant's (l.), Lori Sheldon's (top) and Barbara Starkey's (below). But by the end of the picture, they lose Adam when one of the six "Eves," a witch portrayed by Mari Ann Bennett, gives him a map to locate buried treasure and sends him on his way. ###











BEHIND THE 'NUDIE' SCENES



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THE STRESS on sex appeal which labels "Adam & Six Eves" a top-notch movie of its genre was carried over, albeit unintentionally, to the backstage bustling which preceded the filming of each scene. The girls had to don their costumes and make-up in crowded quarters and frequently last-minute touches were applied on the set just before the cameras rolled. These low-budget films are called "quickies" because time—quite literally—is money. The girls have to cooperate in getting one another ready. Lori Sheldon and Barbara Starkey (opp. page, top, l.) hurriedly checked flimsy costumes while Leigh Sands made a quick phone call between scenes. Myron Griffin, production assistant and all-around trouble-shooter on the film, adjusted Barbara's costume as she touched up eye make-up. Shirley Bryant also had to work over mascara (top, r.) and later the cameras had to be stopped while one of the other girls ran into the scene and smoothed over the skin make-up at Shirley's waist. Hair-dressers were a luxury the producers couldn't afford, so Lori arranged Mari Ann Bennett's hair (r.). Yes, "Nudies" are hard work. Are they worth it? What do you think? ***





BASEBALL'S SILLY SEASON

BY HANK GROSS

The niners' Hall of Hilarity is loaded with wits, puns and errors.

To be eligible for it, all a player must do is keep up his baty average!

WITH BASES LOADED in the last of the ninth and a full count on the batter, it should have been the tensest moment in the World Series—but it wasn't. It was the funniest. While the crowd roared, pitcher Goofy Gomez stood on the mound and stared dreamily at an airplane droning slowly over the stadium.

"Play ball!" screamed the umpire, but it was drowned out in the general laughter. The enthralled Gomez had forgotten all about the ball game. Not till the plane had finally passed from view did Gomez turn back to the plate and wind up for the crucial pitch. The batter missed, of course. He was still laughing!

From sandlot to stadium, baseball can be a very funny game. It's been in business roughly sixty years—monkey business, mostly—and the fans still





fill stadiums to see it. Every record has its corresponding blunder; every team its hero and its clown.

They call it Baseball. They ought to call it Screwball.

Gomez's aeronautic fancy was tame compared to the eccentricities of the great Rube Waddell. Game time would often set off a frantic search for the mad moundsman, and more often than not he would be located somewhere under the bleachers playing marbles with a bunch of kids.

On one memorable occasion, Rube retired the opposition in the 5th inning, then went to the bench to await his turn at bat. But the sound of fire engines reached his ears, and while all eyes were on the game, he slipped out of the ball park, chased the engines ten blocks and watched the fire. When he returned three hours later he found only an empty ball park—and a \$100 fine.

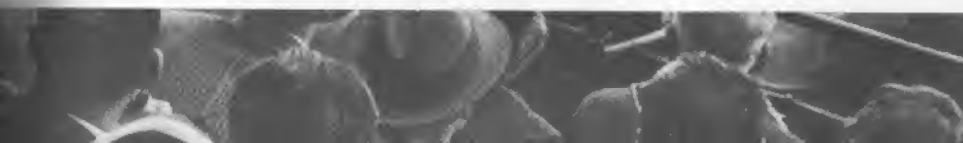
Baseball's Hall of Hilarity is rich with such zanies as Dizzy Dean (a Hall of Famer too, incidentally) whose "team spirit" drove ump's and

opposition mad. Every time a teammate of his would make a play, no matter how simple, Dean, the pitcher, would trot out to the field, shake his hand, lead the crowd in a riotous round of applause, and then run back to the pitcher's mound.

The press loved Dizzy, mainly because he always made good copy. But the Card from Arkansas did them his greatest service when he got beamed by a ball and was carried unconscious from the field. It turned out to be nothing more serious than a lump on the noggin, and that evening the headlines proclaimed to an anxious America: "X-RAYS OF DEAN'S HEAD SHOW NOTHING!"

In the old days everyone wanted to get into the act. Al Schacht would put his uniform on backwards so the infielders wouldn't know which way he was running. Casey Stengel would doff his cap, and out would fly a sparrow. Tony Cuccinello would lope casually into third without sliding because, as he would later explain to a fuming manager, he didn't want to

(Continued on next page)



BASEBALL'S SILLY SEASON continued

burst some cigars he had in his back pocket.

And there was the time Goofy Gomez came up to bat against Bob Feller, whose fast ball had been clocked at nearly 100 miles an hour. It was late afternoon, and rapidly getting dark as Gomez stepped up to the plate and lit a match.

"Hey!" yelled the umpire. "Don't tell me you can't see Feller without that!"

"I can see him, all right," said Gomez. "I just want to make sure he sees me."

Often it's the unpremeditated mayhem that provides the loudest yuks. A case in point is Elias Funk, a young rookie who played—though not for very long—with the old Brooklyn Dodgers. In his first game a long fly came sailing out in his direction. Funk was poetry in motion as he raced out after the ball, neck craned, arms outstretched, muscles straining. Finally getting under it, he waited for it to drop into his mitt; but the ball refused to oblige. It kept right on rising and soon disappeared from sight. The confused Funk squinted at the sky for a full minute before he thought to look down. There, by his feet, was the baseball. He looked up again. There, high above his head, zooming in for another pass over the field, was the pigeon he had been chasing.

Equally hilarious on the field was Babe Herman. A great batter, the "Incredible Hoiman" was anathema in the outfield. No one could miss fly balls in so many ways as the Babe. It was a sore spot with him that he had once chased a ball into left field and got knocked cold by it, and he always denied that it happened. "On the shoulder, yes," he'd say to reporters, "but never on the head!"

If Herman had not been such an excellent hitter, he would never have come closer to the game of baseball than trading bubble gum cards with the kids on the corner, for he was as goofy a base runner as he was a fielder. He is said to be the only player in baseball who was capable of stealing second with the bases loaded, and his collisions with

his own teammates are legendary. Once a fan asked his manager a theoretical baseball problem. "Is it possible," he began, "if Herman's on first, and..."

"Say no more," cut in the manager. "With Herman on first, anything's possible!"

In baseball too, anything's possible. If there are diamond records which will stand forever, there are baseball blunders which will last even longer. Take, for example, the near-impossible feat of Mike Grady. In a game in which an entire team seldom makes more than two errors in a whole game, Grady made double that number on a single batted ball!

Playing third base for the Giants, Mike braced himself as a hot grounder came sizzling towards him. Scooping it up, he juggled it, for error number one. Finally getting a grip on the ball, he flung it to first. Ten feet wide of the bag was as close as he could come, and the scorekeeper chalked up error number two. The runner had meanwhile dashed to second and was on his way to third as the first baseman recovered the ball and pegged it back to Grady. Who dropped it, of course, for error number three. Seeing this, the runner lit out for home, and Grady, picking up the ball, fired it to the catcher. Again the ball missed its mark, for error number four, and a record for Grady which will probably never even be approached.

Smead Jolley of the old Dodgers was another ballplayer who never could cope with the idiosyncrasies of a baseball. The ball, it seemed, had a habit of constantly bouncing out of Jolley's glove, and one day he complained about it to his manager. "Cut a hole in it," suggested the manager. Jolley did so, and he caught the next one with ease. Trouble was, the ball was now stuck in the hole, and while Jolley struggled angrily to extricate it, two runners crossed the plate.

In the sixty or so years that modern major league baseball has been in existence, many odd records have been set. In 1904 Frank Chase was hit by the ball five times in one day. Twenty-four years later, pitcher Ray Boggs set a similar record by hitting three batters in a single inning. Without a doubt, however, the most unlikely baseball situation on record is the time a batter belted the ball into the air and it split in half on the way down. What com-

plicated the issue was that one half went into the fielder's glove and the other half cleared the fence.

"Out!" declared the umpire, and immediately a roar of protest went up from the stands.

"All right," said the umpire, "reconsidering. 'Safe!' Another roar went up from the opposing fans. Now both sides hated the ump. The harried arbiter finally solved the problem by ending the game with a final score of 1-1/2.

The travails of umping are legendary, but loved or hated, the "blind magistrate" still has full dictatorial power in his domain, and he knows it. Because of this an umpire can often keep an unbelievable calm while the player has convulsions. One ump Bill Guthrie called a strike on a batter, so enraging the man that he tossed his bat high into the air. "Son," said Guthrie softly, "if that bat comes down, you're out of the game."

Sometimes a player doesn't even have to go that far to get bounced. One got thrown out of the game for just glaring at the umpire. "But I didn't say anything," he protested. "No matter," replied the ump. "I know what you're thinking."

And the ump, as is well known, is rarely, if ever wrong. A runner slid into home in a cloud of dust, and before umpire Bill Dineen could get a word out, began shouting, "I made it! I made it!"

"Sure you did," said Dineen sardonically. "But what detained you?"

The classic example of the eternal rightness of the umpire was shown during the filming of a baseball movie. The cameras began grinding, and the ump called the first pitch a strike.

"Cut!" yelled the director excitedly. "Hey, you're not following the script. That was supposed to be a ball."

The ump stared at him loftily. "Then tell the pitcher to follow the script. I call 'em as I see 'em."

Of all the big-time umpers, Bill Klem was the most colorful. During one game Hack Wilson fanned the air on two successive pitches, then let the third one go by. "Strike three," declared Klem.

Wilson gave him a disgusted look. "Boy," he said, "you sure missed that one."

Klem shrugged. "You missed the other two, didn't you?"

Klem was always fighting with the great (Continued on page 81)

"SLIP 'EM A MICKEY"



*For goldbugs bugged by claim jumpers, here's sure knockout Mickey Jines
to guard the mine and keep their minds off gold!*

See next page







With our cover girl Mickey to look after the mining shack while prospectors are away filing their claims, all's safe from interlopers. This Mickey's so potent that one look sends 'em reeling!

Mickey's a native of the nugget-producing country of Nevada where even today men are seeking—and sometimes finding—untapped gold mines. She knows all the old-time prospectors and they like and trust her. For this reason, they'll sometimes ask her to watch over their claim while they file the papers to establish their right to it. She's never yet had to deal with a claim jumper, but she stands ready to prove that they're no match for a Mickey like her!







To his co-workers, Sykes was the invisible man, the complete non-entity whose only label was his careful cheapness. Not one of them ever guessed that Sykes was secretly a man obsessed!



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FICTION By JEROME WEIDMAN

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS

THEY NEVER KIDDED him about the color of his tie or laughed good-naturedly at some trivial mistake he had made. They never asked him to buy a sweepstakes ticket or take a chance on one of the pickboards that somebody was always carrying around. When they went out to lunch, in groups of six and seven, they never asked him along.

It was something that a newcomer could not help noticing, especially since he seemed rather pleasant, and I tried to puzzle it out. I listened carefully when they talked about one another. But I never heard a word about him. I watched them closely as they moved about the large office. But they never stopped at his desk.

There was nothing definite, nothing you could put your finger on, nothing of which you could accuse him. Nobody ever spoke harshly about him. In fact, nobody ever spoke about him at all. To the rest of the staff he did not exist. Only when he was called to their attention did they take notice of him. And then their comments did little to explain their attitude.

When they asked me to join the baseball pool I glanced down the list of names to which they were adding mine.

"How about Sykes?" I asked casually. They had every name but his.

"Who, him?" The heads turned in his direction for a moment, as though they were seeing him for the first time. Then, with a slight twist of the lips and a tone heavy with sarcasm: "That Scotchman? A dollar a week would break his heart!"

That was all. For them the subject was closed. Thus they always disposed of him. A phrase or two, usually derogatory, and they were through. He wasn't worth more.

At any rate, I told myself, I had a clue. He was stingy. They didn't like misers. That was why they disliked him.

But soon I knew that this alone was not enough. I was sure of that. There was nothing about him

that was offensive. His practice of economy was no different from my own. Nor was mine much different from the others. We were all on the same level. We all had the same income. None of us could afford to play the spendthrift, nor could any one of us have done it convincingly. We were all too much alike, at least outwardly. We all knew the little tricks and practiced them. We all wore colored shirts because they did not have to go to the laundry too often. We all knotted our ties higher up when they began to fray. We all ate in the Automat.

Then why this aversion for him? Why should they dislike him so? What was there about him that repelled them and at the same time attracted me? Their repugnance was clear even when they said and did nothing. It was plain in the way they unconsciously avoided him. It puzzled me. And the more puzzled I became, the higher my interest in him mounted. There was something about him, something elusive that I was trying to track down, that reminded me of myself. At times I would get a glimmer of it and I would feel, for a moment, that I knew what it was that set us both apart. But always it escaped me. Then I would redouble my efforts. I would watch him closely for hours, neglecting my work to stare across the large office at him.

But there was nothing in the figure bent busily over the desk that would explain my liking or their dislike. He seemed perfectly content to have them avoid him. Even while doing the most commonplace things, he seemed to exist in a world of his own. The things that occupied the others held no interest for him. He seemed to live by an inner fire.

Then, quite suddenly, the day I ran into him in the Automat, I found the answer.

He was alone at a small table and I was on top of him before I knew it.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" I asked awkwardly, angry with myself because I felt embarrassed. Why should I feel flustered, I asked myself. He was the outcast. He was the (Continued on next page)

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS continued

one to be embarrassed. But he wasn't.

"Of course not," he said quickly, with a pleasant smile, and helped clear a space on the table for my tray.

"These places certainly get crowded at this hour, don't they?" I said, trying to cover my confusion.

He looked about him, as though it were something he hadn't noticed before, and then nodded. "Yeah," he said, "I guess so."

We ate in silence for a time and I watched him. His attitude annoyed me. I realized that I had vaguely expected him to be grateful. He should have been thankful for my attention. He should have been respectful and eager. He should have watched my lips expectantly, hanging on every word I uttered, anxious to agree with me, to make himself pleasant, to show that he appreciated what I was doing for him.

But there was nothing in his face that could be mistaken for gratitude. He continued to lift food to his mouth as unconcernedly as before I had interrupted him. His self-possession was irritating. What right had he to sit there so calmly, taking my presence for granted? What right had he to accept me as his equal? My irritation was turning rapidly into anger.

As I watched him I could not help making comparisons. Nothing had happened. No words had passed between us. Yet I was angry and he was calm. The contrast was so striking that I forgot my anger—and all at once, I knew the answer. I knew why the others disliked him.

It seemed so simple and clear that I was surprised it had not occurred to me before. The answer had been waiting for me all the time. It was there before me now, in his face, in my anger, in our attitudes toward each other. No wonder the others hated him! He didn't need them, just as he did not seem to need me now.

If he had seemed hurt by their disregard of him, if he had tried to win their friendship, if he had suffered under their scorn—they would not have hated him. But because he didn't suffer, because he didn't try

to win them, because he disregarded them, because they needed him, but he did not need them—that was why they hated him!

Of course, I said to myself. Look how I had begun to get angry with him! And I liked him! Then what could you expect from those others, those others who disliked him right from the start?

Then, suddenly, my enthusiasm fell from me. I had found the answer. But that's all it was—an answer. It was not a solution. I knew now why they hated him, but I knew, too, that this alone was not what had puzzled me.

I determined that this time I would clear the matter up.

"There's a good sale on shirts next door," I said, trying to sound casual.

"Regular two dollar stuff for a dollar thirty-nine. You want to come in and look at them?"

He looked at me in surprise for a moment and then said in friendly fashion: "Sure, I'll go in with you."

He watched me hunt through the pile of shirts on the counter and said he thought the two I finally selected were very nice.

As I waited for my change, I said: "Why don't you get a couple of these, Sykes? They're a good buy at the price."

"I know they are," he said with a wistful smile. "I wish I could, but I can't afford it this week."

"I'll lend you the money," I said quickly. "It's a shame to let a thing like this go by."

"Thanks," he said with a grateful nod, and then shook his head. "I... I just can't afford it now. Thanks anyway."

My mind grasped eagerly at the straw. He couldn't afford it. Even if I should lend him the money, he said he couldn't afford it. He couldn't pay it back next week, or the week after, either. That meant his salary was budgeted in advance, that he had very little for himself. He probably had to turn most of it over to his family. No wonder they thought he was stingy. No wonder he couldn't waste his money on sweepstakes tickets or baseball pools. It wasn't his fault that he had an old mother to support. What right did they have to call him names, to dislike him?

From that day on I lost no opportunity to come to his defense. I went out of my way to stop at his desk, to run into him at lunch, to object when they spoke unkindly of

him. They kidded me about it, but I didn't mind. I admired his fortitude, and the knowledge that I was the only one who knew his secret made it easy for me to withstand their jeers.

Our friendship, such as it was, grew stronger. We met in the Automat more often, we smiled when we met in the hall, occasionally he would even murmur an unintelligible greeting. But always the barrier of his reserve was between us. Even while chatting with apparent intimacy across the luncheon table, the far-away look remained in his eyes. And although he carried his end of the conversation quite well, I always had the disconcerting feeling that his mind was on other things.

It occurred to me that if I met him after office hours, if I saw him in different surroundings, I might understand him better. I suggested that we go to the theater some evening.

"No," he said regretfully, "I can't make it this week."

How about next week, then?"

He shook his head.

"The week after?"

He smiled apologetically. "I'm afraid not," he said. "I can't afford it."

At once I was ashamed of my insistence. "I don't get much of a chance to go myself," I said with a hasty laugh. "Believe me, I know how close to the line you have to play, what with helping support a family and all."

He looked at me with astonishment. "A family?"

"Why, sure," I said helpfully. "I mean what you have to kick in to the family at home."

"I got no family," he said.

"Well," I said quickly, "I don't mean a family exactly. What I meant is, it's expensive enough just supporting your mother."

"My mother? I got no mother."

It was my turn to be astonished.

"You have no mother?"

He laughed good-naturedly and shook his head. "I've been an orphan since I was a kid, I haven't even got a second cousin. I'm all alone, thank God. Nobody goes around telling me what to do, or where to go or anything like that."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of his words. He really meant them. He was alone in the world and glad of it. But I had little time to devote to (Continued on page 77)

DIAL "K" FOR KILLER
originally appeared in *The*
Realist. Copyright 1961, The
Realist Association, Inc.

by PAUL KRASSNER



THE TROUBLE with newspapers is, they keep giving you all these weird little journalistic signs of the masochistic times — and then they never follow them up. Let us take, for example, a magnificently significant story—an actual news item—and let us follow it to its fatalistic conclusion.

News item: President John F. Kennedy and Premier Nikita Khrushchev look with favor upon a proposal for a direct telephone line from the White House in Washington to the Kremlin in Moscow. Both leaders feel this might prevent accidental nuclear war. A direct telephone line is necessary because in this electronic age the guidance systems of missiles are not completely reliable and, in the event of an accidental firing, every second counts. For example, it would take approximately 33 minutes for an Atlas missile to travel from Vandenberg Air Base in California to Moscow. The distance between Moscow and the east coast of the United States can be covered in even less time.

(SCENE: The White House)

"Okay, Mrs. Kennedy, where do you want it installed?"

"I think it'll go nice right here in the baby's room."

"Ain't you afraid it's gonna wake the kid up when it rings?"

"Well, we hope it never will ring, you see."

"Ooops, I put my equipment down on these diapers."

"Oh, that's all right, they have to go to the laundry today anyway."

"Now here's the phone. Turquoise, like you ordered."

"Yes, the color is lovely, but I'm afraid you'll have to make another trip. I specifically asked for the Princess model."

DIAL 'K' FOR KILLER

*A flight of fancy on
the idea of a direct
phone line to connect
the world's top "Ks"*



(SCENE: Several months later—the telephone rings)

"Hello."

"Jack?"

"Speaking."

"Hi, this is Nikita."

"Niki, how are you?"

"Oh, can't complain. How's yourself?"

"Vigorous as ever, thanks. How's the family?"

"Everybody's just fine. Except Nina, she has a little cold. We have these sudden changes in the weather here, you know. How are Jackie and the children?"

"Well, we're having a little trouble with Caroline. My brother Bob thinks it's sibling rivalry."

"Probably it's just a phase she's going through."

"Yeah, kids."

"Listen, I'll tell you why I called. Your boys in the Strategic Air Command will be seeing something on their radar screens, and I just thought I'd let you know that it's because we set off a test missile with an atomic warhead and our guidance system went slightly out of whack. So please don't think we're starting nuclear warfare against your country."

"Well, gee, Niki, I certainly appreciate your taking the trouble to call."

"No trouble, Jack, no trouble at all. Because otherwise you might think it was a sneak attack."

"Of course. This way, not only do I have time to speed our Civil Defense forces into action, but you don't have to worry about any massive retaliation on our part."

"All right, Jack, swell, I won't keep you, then; I know you must have things to do."

"Right, Niki. Thanks for calling."

"Give my regards to Lyndie and Lady Bird."

"Will do."

"And remember—don't call us, we'll call you."

#

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

*If Dreamland's
out of bounds for
you, if you don't
have even a nodding
acquaintance with
the sandman, if
you're the fellow
who stares at the
ceiling while
others snooze,
here's dream girl
Julie Wills to
bring sweet dreams!*



Julie herself has no problem falling asleep. As soon as she snuffs the light, she's out.







Eight hours of sleep nightly is one of Julie's beauty rules.



Her dreams are always pleasant; she never has the kind that wake you up.

There's no guarantee that gazing at Julie will cure every man suffering from insomnia, but certainly it will make being awake a heck of a lot more enjoyable.

NO REST for the weary—that's the plight of the insomniac, the fellow who tosses and turns while others snooze. Just why his eyes stubbornly refuse to close may be due to any number of reasons, both mental and physical. But regardless of the cause, his big problem is what to do about it. Many cures have been suggested. Counting sheep is the traditional one. The midnight snack grown to the quadruple-decker Dagwood sandwich is another. Over the years there have been fads in

(Continued on next page)





fighting sleeplessness. Alphabetizing was one of the most popular of these. This involved taking a category—the last names of movie stars, European cities, cigarette brands, etc.—and matching one thing in the category to each letter of the alphabet. Various forms of multiplication and other mathematical games also enjoyed a vogue among insomniacs. The idea behind all these word and number games at bedtime is the same. By concentrating on something, the insomniac relaxes his mind and drifts off to sleep without conscious effort. Unfortunately, the effect of sleepytyme solitaire is often the opposite. The insomniac gets so involved in concentrating on the game that staying awake to finish it becomes an obsession and the purpose is defeated. Sleep-seekers also meet defeat in the long run when they resort to pills. Taken over a long period of time, sleeping

pills lose their effectiveness. The body chemistry actually alters and the drug is absorbed without inducing sleep. More success has been met with tranquilizers, which relax the insomniac's mind and thus make him more receptive to sleep. But here, too, their potency wears thin with constant use and they also may have undesirable side-effects. In view of these failures in solving the problem of insomnia, it's only half tongue-in-cheek that we propose a long, sleepytyme perusal of these pictures of Julie Wills as a possible cure. Certainly they're relaxing, certainly they put one in the pleasant frame of mind most conducive to sleep, and certainly they call for the kind of concentration calculated to induce drowsiness. And should the cure work, BACHELOR offers the insomniac one absolute guarantee: his dreams will be the sweetest he could hope to have. # # #



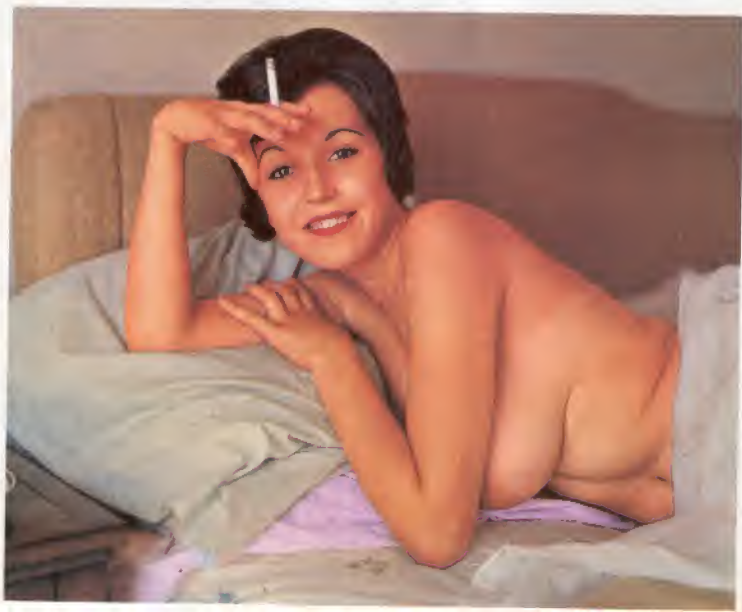








No rest for the weary? Perhaps, but the sweetest of dreams with Julie Wills!





THE FISH



WITH THE GENIUS I.Q.

Say hello to the Dolphin, the fabulous denizen of the deep who scientists regard as the most likely creature to replace man. His brain power is the equal of ours and he has a well-developed sense of humor. So don't be surprised if he says hello back!

BY JAY MARTIN



EVER TRY to imagine an alien species of beings with human or more than human intelligence?

Science fiction writers do this all the time. They have come up with a whole slew of ideas, many of which are more outlandish than they are scary. Evil geniuses of the reptile kingdom, intellectual plants and even thinking asteroids have been suggested as the sort of superminds that mankind may have to cope with some fair day.

Frankly, it all seems kind of silly. So silly, in fact, that a good many sober individuals have concluded that mankind will probably never meet up with a high IQ rival. Or, if he does, said rival will look and act mightily like mankind.

But hold on to your hats, boys and girls! Truth—to coin a cliché—may well be stranger than fiction.

There is a good deal of new scientific evidence that an intelligent race with at least the mental potentiality of human beings is living right here on good old Mother Earth! Our neighbors, no less.

And not only that: This particular race has been known to be around ever since we were, living in fairly close contact with us. The problem was that we never had the sense before to recognize their brains.

What is the name of these super thinkers? Bottle-nosed dolphins! Or, as the scientists call them,

Tursiops. Though there is some reason to suppose that other species of dolphin, such as the common *Delphinus*, as well as porpoises and whales may be in the high IQ group, also.

The new theory is mainly the brain-child of Dr. John C. Lilly, a physician and researcher who heads up the Communications Research Institute at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

With the help of research grants from the U. S. Navy and from other sources, Dr. Lilly has been studying dolphins for a good many years, now. He probably knows more about them than any other living man. His conclusions, as reported in his recent book, *Man and Dolphin*, are that these sea creatures have at least the potentiality to be as bright as we human folk are—and perhaps a good deal brighter.

The dolphin, according to Dr. Lilly, has a brain that is a good deal larger than a man's and every bit as complex. Among other things, he may well have his own language and his own social set up. He can and does teach himself to mimic human words and, in time, will probably be taught to speak our language and communicate with us—a stunt which is a good deal harder than it may seem, as much of the dolphin's natural sound range is too high for humans to hear. (Continued on page 79)







ANECDOTE AND OLD LACE

*Or how to make the most of
a postal error with pictures to
suit every male order!*









MELODY WARD, for the past couple of years, has been one of the top models in the glamor field. Montgomery Ward, for a lot longer than that, has been one of the top mail-order enterprises in America. Recently, a European exporter sent a small bolt of rare, lace to the latter on approval. However, a badly smudged address on the package must have forced a postal employee somewhere along the line to guess at the intended receiver and the result was that the lace was delivered to Melody by mistake. She was struck by the beauty of the fabric, but, having no immediate use for it, was on the point of returning it when BACHELOR's photographer arrived to keep a picture-taking appointment. Impressed by the way the intricate, Old World lace design set off her allure, he made a couple of fast phone calls and arranged to buy the material. Then he set about lensing the incendiary heatwave. The results, we're sure you'll agree, are sheer arson—and old lace.

###

THE WORLD was on the brink of war that day back in the 1960's when his name first blazoned across the headlines. Or, rather, on the brink of wars. East-West; Israel-Egypt; Laos loyalist-Laos rebel; France-Algiers; White African-Black African—the brink of war in a dozen spots and sweating, itching fingers hovering over the push-buttons set to loose mankind's annihilation. The situations were with us always in those days, but on this day the international tensions were full-taut rubberbands about to snap.

And on this day he stepped forth from the African jungle and he spoke. Briefly, clearly, lovingly, he spoke. Every newspaper in the world carried his words; they were repeated over every radio and TV station. Simple words, from a man nobody

had ever heard of before. Yet, like balm on the eczema of the world, they eased the international situation. The need to scratch the painful scabs of recent history grew less acute; the sound of rattling sabers was muted. And within hours the name nobody had ever heard before became a household word synonymous with the hope of survival.

It was an unpronounceable name full of Zs and Gs and Ys and a challenge to those newspaper rewrite men who prided themselves on their spelling. But the common people of every land soon stopped trying to master the phonetics of it and called him "The Wisest Man in the World." After a while, the press, too, stopped trying to cope with the tongue-twisting name and also adopted this

FICTION BY TED MARK

THE WISEST MAN IN THE WORLD

... had promised that he would reveal the one great, ultimate truth to the world on his deathbed. So the world beat a path to his door, and now, sadly, it waited ...



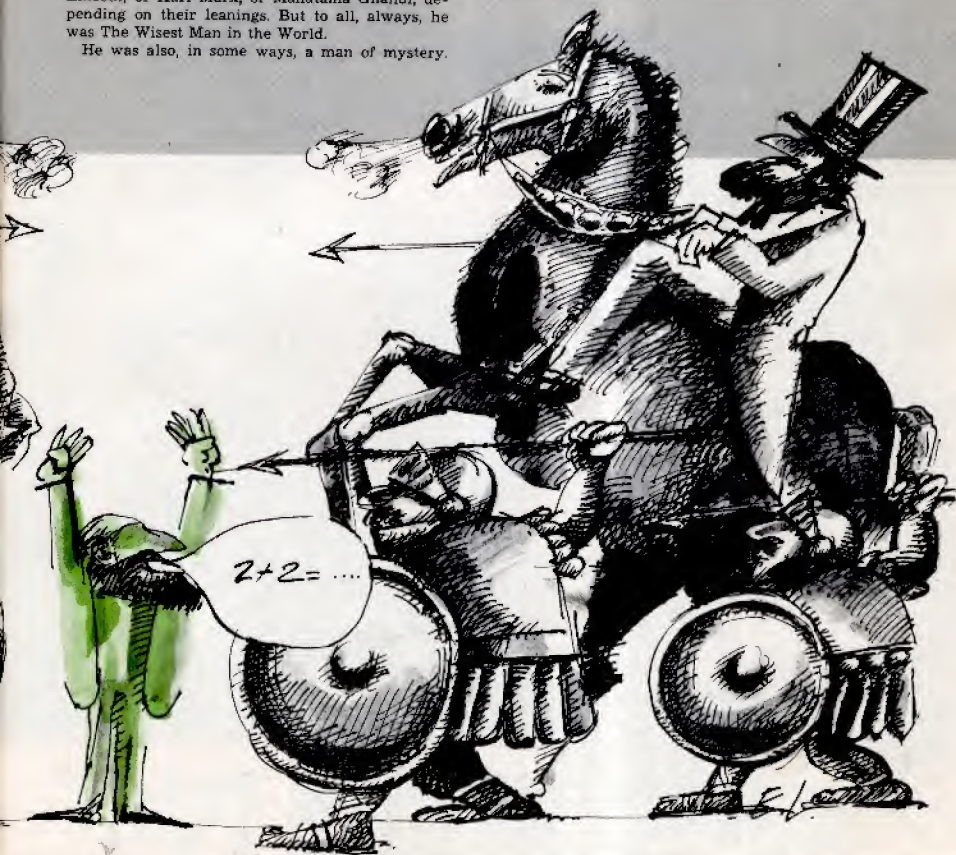
description in lieu of it. Thus a TV newscaster might start off with "The Wisest Man in the World had this to say about the Cuban situation today . . ." or "Regarding the debate over the troika system in the UN, The Wisest Man in the World suggested . . ." Soon his real name was forgotten by virtually everybody. To presidents and dictators, scientists and philosophers, poets and artists, he was simply The Wisest Man in the World.

He was also other things, different things, to different people, perhaps all things to all people. To the religious, he was a saint. To the superstitious, he was a miracle man. To the scientists, he was a genius. To the military he was a hero. To the politicians he was a reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln, or Karl Marx, or Mahatma Ghandi, depending on their leanings. But to all, always, he was The Wisest Man in the World.

He was also, in some ways, a man of mystery.

He refused to identify his nationality, his race, or his religion. Each nation tried to claim him for their own; no matter how far from that spot in Africa where he had appeared, they tried to trace his path backwards to prove their land was his homeland. The whites claimed him for a dark-skinned Latin, the blacks for a light-skinned Negro, the Orientals for a sun-baked Asian and even the American Indians pointed to his high cheekbones as obvious proof of his Cherokee heritage. In churches, cathedrals, synagogues and mosques, his words were quoted and parallels drawn between them and the words of Jesus, Moses, Buddha, Confucius and other holy men.

The parallels were inevitable, for he lived the life of a religious. He (Continued on page 80)



One bad day a year turns down the corners of Anita Anderson's lips. And although Anita was in no mood to be friendly with our photographer that day, these photos prove that even a solemn Anita can't help being glamorous!



NEVER FLOUT A POOT



FOR 364 DAYS out of 365, Anita Anderson is a bouncy, sweet-natured blonde. But on that 365th day, look out! That's the day when, for no discernible reason, her personality flips from scintillating to sultry. Her usual gaiety is replaced by downright grouchiness and her pert chatter is reduced to moody monosyllables. It's the day when she wanders restless around the house and then goes out and roams discontentedly o'er the woodlands. It's the day that starts with a pout and ends with a frown. And that pout—or frown—is the tiptoff that this is no day to try and be sociable with Anita. Any attempt at chit-chat, any endeavor to try and upturn those sullen lips is doomed to failure. Anita reserves the right to wallow in this brief

interlude of moodiness and she resents any interference with it. That pout can become a snarl and her eyes can virtually skewer the Happy Charley who bugs her. But don't despair — tomorrow she'll be smiling happily again! ###



See next page



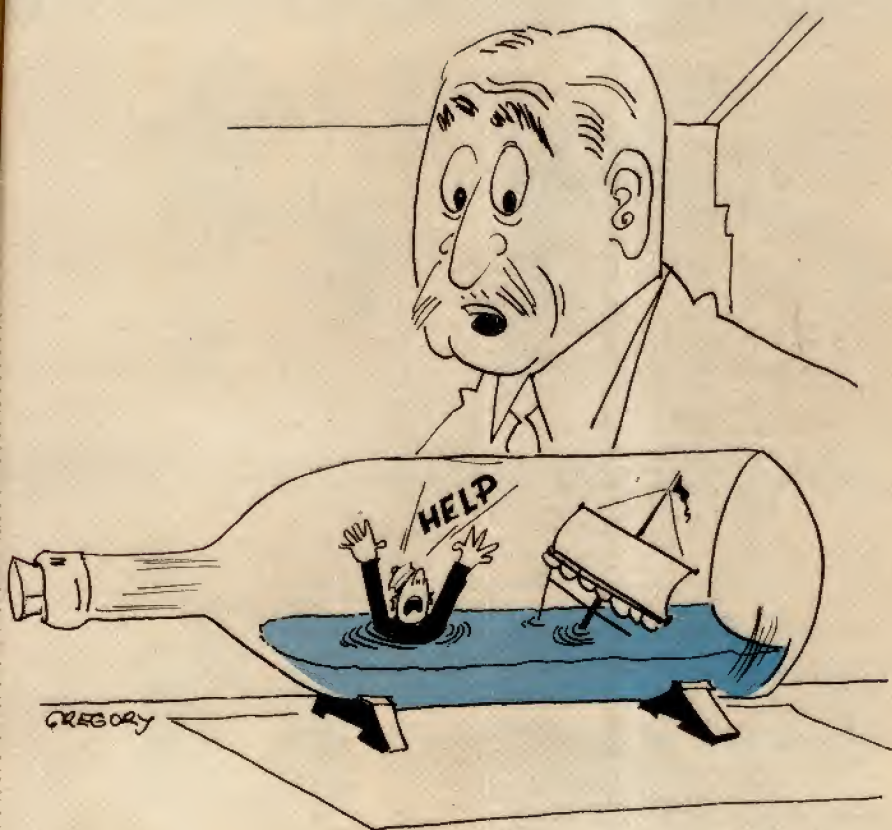
A swim may cool her off, but it can't warm her up.



She's still pouting at bedtime, but by morning she'll be her usual happy self again.



Outdoors or in, Anita's sultry mood continues.



MY HOME TOWN

LYRICS BY TOM LEHREN / ILLUSTRATED BY EMIL LAUGIER



1.

I really have a yen to go back once again,
Back to the place where no-one wears a frown.
To see once more those super-special just plain folks
In my home town.



2.

No fellow could ignore the little girl next door,
She sure looked sweet in her first evening gown.
Now there's a charge for what she used to give for free
In my home town.



3.

That fellow was no fool who taught our Sunday School,
And neither was our kindly Parson Brown.
(Mr. Lehrer omitted this line for several reasons.—Ed.)
In my home town.



4.

I remember Sam, he was the village idiot,
And though it seems a pity it was so.
He loved to burn down houses just to watch the glow.
And nothing could be done 'cause he was the mayor's son.

In this devastating little ditty song satirist Tom Lehrer directs a whimsical, albeit withering, barrage at the kind of gooiily warbled nostalgia which began with "Home, Sweet Home" and may end, dissolved by laughter, on these pages!



3.

Don, the druggist on the corner, 'e was never mean or ornery,
He was swell.

He killed his mother-in-law and ground her up real well,
And sprinkled just a bit over each banana split.



4.

The guy that taught us math, who never took a bath,
Acquired a certain measure of renown,
And after school he sold the most amazing pictures
In my home town.



7.

The guy that took a knife and monogrammed his wife,
Then dropped her in the pond and watched her drown.
Oh, yes indeed, the people there are just plain folks
In my home town.



From the LP "Songs by Tom Lehrer"
(Lehrer Records TL 101).
Copyright 1953, by Tom Lehrer.

THE FEARLESS LOVER

ANGELA BARKER was a girl with a suspicion and a yen. The combination made her a girl with a problem. The solution to her problem was standing at the bar, biding his time, drinking in her allure with his Martini. But she didn't know that.

She sat at a table in the softly lit cocktail lounge, sipping at her third "grasshopper." Angela wasn't the kind of girl who went into a cocktail lounge alone and three "grasshoppers" were one over her usual limit, but she was hoping the atmosphere and the liquor would stimulate her thinking. She was thinking—or, rather, conjecturing—about Don.

Don was her husband. He was a good husband in most ways, nice-looking, good-natured and considerate. But, just recently, Angela had gotten the idea into her head that Don was cheating on her. She couldn't be sure, but those out-of-town business trips of his, a few stray blonde hairs on his lapel, a female name and phone number written on a piece of paper she'd discovered in his pocket, and similar clues, one after another, seemed to point to infidelity. Each, individually, could be explained away, but taken together they'd built

It all began in a cocktail lounge with a very bored beauty and a very determined man who parlayed a pick-up into a permanent affair!



FICTION BY SEAN KELLY

the suspicion that started Angela on her round of "grasshoppers."

Now, as their glow spread through her, she had reached that point of frankness where she was admitting to herself that it wasn't so much jealousy that was bothering her as envy. Yes, truthfully, she envied Don his extra-marital adventures. They got along well together, but the truth was that Don was beginning to bore her, and more and more she found herself longing for that romance in her life which husbands never seem able to provide at home. The boredom, she admitted, probably worked both ways and she couldn't really blame Don if he were doing something about it. But it was unfair! Why should he have all the fun?

Besides, he was such a hypocrite. He exploded in fits of jealousy if another man so much as danced too close to her. And when he came back from one of his trips, he grilled her methodically about who she'd seen, what she'd done, where she'd gone. He was very jealous where she was concerned and his jealousy could turn him vicious.

But, Angela told herself as she finished her

drink, the so-and-so probably has a double standard. I'm his property, so hands off! But he's a man, so whatever he wants to do is hunky-dory!

The thought made her dark eyes smoulder and she ran her slender hand over her ebony hair as though to reassure herself of her attractiveness. The gesture was superfluous, for there could be no doubt that Angela was a knockout by any standards. Heart-shaped face with petulant lips, slender legs, hips made interesting by being a shade too heavy, firm, large bosom nestled delicately now atop the table — these were her assets and they added up to the kind of girl myopic men pop their contact lenses over.

The man at the bar wasn't myopic. He focused on Angela with no difficulty whatsoever and a great deal of pleasure as she paid her check and got up to leave. He intercepted her halfway to the door.

"Excuse me," he said. "You're Angela Barker, aren't you?" Before she could answer, he went on. "I met you with your husband Don at a cocktail party about a year ago. (Continued on next page)



THE FEARLESS LOVER continued

Remember?" His smile was guileless.

Angela didn't remember at all. As a matter of fact, she was reasonably sure she'd never set eyes on the man before. But she was too polite to say so—and besides, he was kind of good-looking in a craggy-faced, virile sort of way. So—"Oh, yes," she said. "How are you, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Lonigan. Frank Lonigan. No reason you should remember me, I guess, but I could never forget you."

It was corny, but it was so blunt that Angela became flustered. "Why—Why thank you," she said.

"May I buy you a drink, Mrs. Barker?"

"Well, thank you, but I don't think so. I really should be getting home..." As Angela was speaking, her mind was rebelling against her words. Really, there wasn't one damn reason in the world why she should hurry home. Don was away on another one of his "business" trips and the only thing that was waiting for her at home was the TV set and a solitary bed.

"Oh, come on," Frank Lonigan cajoled. "Ease the burden of a lonely man and have one for the road with me." There was an insistent, almost conspiratorial note in his voice, as though he'd been reading her thoughts.

"Well, all right," Angela said, glad he hadn't accepted her refusal. "But just one though."

Three rounds of drinks later, she accepted his invitation to dinner. Angela didn't know when she'd met a man she liked so much. The "grasshoppers" had loosened her tongue and she found herself pouring out all her dissatisfactions and longings to him. He was a good listener, sympathetic and understanding, and Angela felt a rapport building up between them which was remarkable after only a few hours of conversation. "I'm bored with my life," she summed up over coffee, "and I don't know what to do about it."

"That's because you're afraid to take life by the horns," Lonigan said. He gazed deep into her eyes, as though transmitting a current of courage.

"That's easy for a man to say. You can do what you want and nobody

bothers you. It's different for a woman."

"It doesn't have to be."

"Society says it does."

"Nonsense. There are plenty of women who do just exactly as they please and don't give a damn for society—or consequences." There was an odd mixture of intensity and bitterness in his voice. The intensity stayed, but the bitterness vanished as he took her hand between his and finished the thought. "You just have to have the nerve to take what you want in this life, Angela, and never look back."

With the touch of his hand, Angela's yearning stirred close to the surface of her being. "But," she found herself saying automatically, "we don't live in a vacuum. Our actions always affect others."

"And others' actions affect us. But that doesn't stop them from taking what they want, even if people like you and I get hurt in the process."

It was almost as though he knew about her suspicions concerning Don. His face was very close to hers as she answered. "I—I guess you're right," she murmured.

"I know I am!" His lips pressed against hers briefly, but surely. Then he looked at her and his eyes held a question that was more a demand and her eyes held an answer that was more a submission. "Let's get out of here," he said and she found herself nodding agreement.

He gave the cab driver her address and she wondered momentarily how he knew it. But her wonderment was lost in the urgency of his embrace in the back of the taxi. There was a positiveness about his caresses that she couldn't resist, that her body automatically responded to. There were no words when they arrived at her apartment, but neither was there any doubt that he was coming inside with her.

His hand closed over hers as she reached for the light switch. "No!" he said and it was a command. He slipped the coat from her shoulders and his hands followed it down the contours of her body, pulling her to him. She felt the strength of his body as it enveloped her pliant softness. Then his fingers were working surely at the zipper of her dress, his hands sliding knowingly over her yearning flesh.

She led him into the bedroom, anticipation driving all other thoughts from her mind. He made

love to her with a knowing firmness that made her cry out...once... twice...three times. And when it was over, Angela knew that she would never get over the impact of this man, never get the sheer power of his lovemaking out of her system.

The thought made the comparison between him and her husband follow naturally. Just as naturally followed the tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" Lonigan's voice was cool and even.

"I—I was thinking of my husband."

"Feeling guilty?"

"Yes, to be honest. And a little afraid, too."

"There's nothing to be frightened about."

"You don't know Don. He's very jealous. And he gets—violent when he's jealous."

"I wouldn't worry. No matter how violent he gets, I'll be able to take care of him."

"Don't be so sure. He's bigger than you—and he's a very athletic man. He works out at the gym regularly and he's in top shape."

Lonigan laughed humorlessly. "I'm in pretty good shape myself."

"I know, but—"

"No buts. Believe me, you're off on the wrong track. He's not going to start throwing punches or anything like that if he finds out about us."

"How can you be so sure?"

"For one thing, husbands never react that way. Take my word for it."

"Yes?"

"Yes what?"

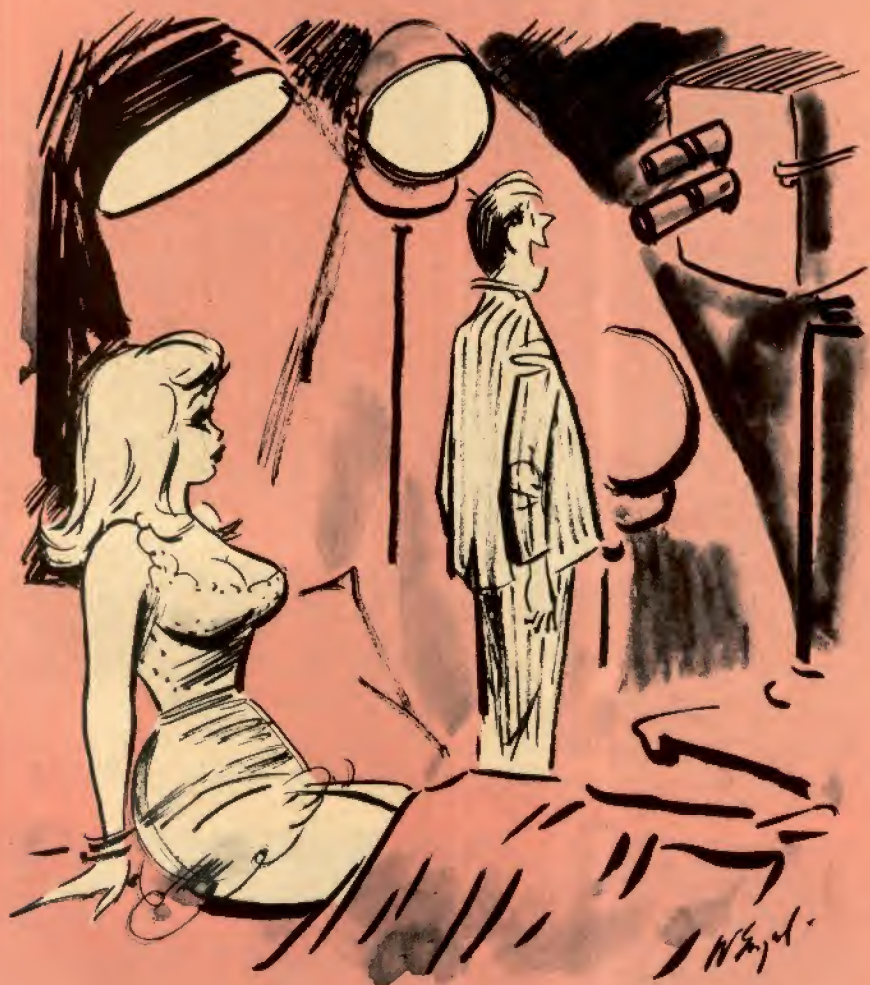
"You said 'for one thing.' It sounded like there was something else that makes you so confident."

"Forget it. Just take my word for it. Your husband isn't going to get violent."

They were silent for a moment and then Angela spoke. "Anyway," she said, "there's no reason why he should ever find out about us. Is there?"

"None at all." Lonigan punctuated it with a kiss. Soon Angela was too busy to think about Don for the time being...

That was the start of it and Angela knew right from the start that it wasn't any one-night fling. She saw Lonigan fairly regularly after that first time. Whenever Don was away, he spent the night with her. Yet, in a (Continued on page 68)



"Tonight, ladies and gentlemen of the viewing audience, we offer a TV first . . ."



2*4

6*8







... who do we appreciate? Doris Lomax, that's who! And the reason why is that she's one coed-at-heart who's managed to transform her daydreams of collegiate glory into reality. So — Strawberry shortcake, pineapple pie — V-I-C-T-O-R-Y—Are we with it? Well, we guess!—Doris! Doris! Yes-yes-yes!



THREE CHEERS for Betty Coed, in this case top glamor model Doris Lomax, a girl who never went to college, but nevertheless epitomizes that rah-rah-rah spirit associated with campus cuties. The necessity of earning her bread-and-butter kept Doris from the Halls of Ivy, but it didn't stop her from dreaming about the fun she might have had at college. "I was a cheerleader in high school," she says, "and I think I could make a collegiate squad." Soon she'll find out. With the moola she's made modeling, she's going to Southern Cal. U. in the fall.

###



more dogs have babies in
Wedding bulls
ing out for
Princess

QUEEN Gives
Party for
in Brigade Ex-service
Men

minister for kissing in

FRYING The FLAG



Satire trounced diplomacy regularly in the pages of the Central Balkan Herald, the brave little British newspaper where type was set by elbow!

BY LAWRENCE DURRELL

"OF COURSE, if there has been any justice in the world," said Antrobus, depressing his cheeks grimly. "If we ourselves had shown any degree of responsibility, the two old ladies would have been minced, would have been incinerated. Their ashes would have been trampled into some Serbian field or scattered in the sea off some Dalmatian island, like Drool or Snot. Or they would have been sold into slavery to the Bogomils. Or just simply crept upon from behind and murdered at their typewriters. I used to dream about it, old man."

"Instead of which they got a gong each."

"Yes. Polk-Mowbray put them up for an M.B.E. He had a perverted sense of humour. It's the only explanation."

"And yet time softens so many things. I confess I look back on the old *Central Balkan Herald* with something like nostalgia."

"Good heavens," said Antrobus, and blew out his cheeks. We were enjoying a stirrup-cup at his club before taking a turn in the park. Our conversation, turning as it always did upon our common experiences abroad in the Foreign Service, has led us with a sort of ghastly inevitability to the sisters Grope; Bessie and Enid Grope, joint editors-proprietors of the *Central Balkan Herald* (circulation 500). They had spent all their lives in Serbia, for their father had once been Embassy chaplain and on retirement had elected to settle in the dusty Serbian plains. Where, however, they had inherited the old flat-bed press and the stock of battered Victorian faces, I cannot tell, but the fact remains that they had produced between them an extraordinary daily newspaper which remains without parallel in my mind in comparison with newspapers in more than a dozen countries—"THE BALKAN HERALD KEEPS THE BRITISH FLAG FRYING"—

that was the headline that greeted me on the morning of my first appearance in the Press Department. It was typical.

The reason for a marked disposition towards misprints was not far to seek; the composition room, where the paper was hand-set daily, was staffed by half a dozen hirsute Serbian peasants with greasy elf-locks and hands like shovels. Bowed and drooling and uttering weird eldritch-cries from time to time they went up and down the type-boxes with the air of half-emancipated baboons hunting for fleas. The master printer was called Icic (pronounced Itchitch) and he sat forlornly in one corner living up to his name by scratching himself from time to time. Owing to such laborious methods of composition the editors were hardly ever able to call for extra proofs; even as it was the struggle to get the paper out on the streets was grandiose to watch. Some time in the early thirties it had come out a day late and that day had never been made up. With admirable single-mindedness the sisters decided, so as not to leave gaps in their files, to keep the date twenty-four hours behind reality until such times as, by a superhuman effort, they could produce two newspapers in one day and thus catch up.

Bessie and Enid Grope sat in the editorial room which was known as the "den." They were both tabby in colouring and wore rusty black. They sat facing one another pecking at two ancient typewriters which looked as if they had been obtained from the Science Museum of the Victoria and Albert.

Bessie was News, Leaders, and Gossip; Enid was Features, Make-up and general Sub. Whenever they were at a loss for copy they would mercilessly pillage ancient copies of *Punch* or *Home Chat*. An occa- (Continued on next page)

FRYING THE FLAG cont.

sional hole in the copy was filled with a ghoulisish smudge — local block-making clearly indicated that somewhere a poker-work fanatic had gone quietly out of his mind. In this way the *Central Balkan Herald* was made up every morning and then delivered to the composition room where the chain-gang rapidly reduced it to gibberish. MINISTER FINED FOR KISSING IN PUBIC. WEDDING BULLS RING OUT FOR PRINCESS. QUEEN OF HOLLAND GIVES PANTY FOR EX-SERVICE MEN. MORE DOGS HAVE BABIES THIS SUMMER IN BELGRADE. BRITAINS NEW FLYING-GOAT.

In the thirties this did not matter so much but with the war and the growth of interest in propaganda both the Foreign Office and the British Council felt that an English newspaper was worth keeping alive in the Balkans if only to keep the flag flying. A modest subsidy and a free news service went a long way to help the sisters, though of course there was nothing to be done with the crew down in the composition room. "Mrs. Schwartzkopf has cast off clothes of every description and invites inspection." "In a last desperate spurt the Cambridge crew, urged on by their pox, overtook Oxford."

Every morning I could hear the whistles and groans and sighs as each of the secretaries unfolded his copy and addressed himself to his morning torture. On the floor above, Polk-Mowbray kept drawing his breath sharply at every misprint like someone who has run a splinter into his finger. At this time the editorial staff was increased by the addition of Mr. Tope, an elderly catarrhal man who made up the news page, thus leaving Bessie free to follow her bent in paragraphs on gardening ("How to Plant Wild Bubs") and other extravagances. It was understood that at some time in the remotest past Mr. Tope had been in love with Bessie but he "had never spoken"; perhaps he had fallen in love with both sisters simultaneously and had been unable to decide which

to marry. At all events he sat in the "den" busy with the world news; every morning he called on me for advice. "We want the *Herald* to play its full part in the war effort," he never failed to assure me gravely. "We are all in this together." There was little I could do for him.

At times I could not help feeling that the *Herald* was more trouble than it was worth. References, for example, to "Hitler's nauseating inversion—the rocket-bomb" brought an immediate visit of protest from Herr Schpünk the German chargé, dictionary in hand, while the early stages of the war were greeted with BRITAIN DROPS BIGGEST EVER BOOR ON BERLIN. This caused mild speculation as to whom this personage might be. Attempts, moreover, to provide serious and authoritative articles for the *Herald* written by members of the Embassy shared the same fate. Spalding, the commercial attaché who was trying to negotiate on behalf of the British Mining Industry, wrote a painstaking survey of the wood resources of Serbia which appeared under the startling banner BRITAIN TO BUY SERBIAN TIT-PROPS while the military attaché who was rash enough to contribute a short strategic survey of Suez found that the phrase "Canal Zone" was printed without a "C" throughout. There was nothing one could do. "One feels so desperately ashamed," said Polk-Mowbray, "with all the resources of culture and so on that we have—that a British newspaper abroad should put out such disgusting gibberish. After all, it's semi-official, the Council has subsidized it specially to spread the British Way of Life... It's not good enough."

But there was nothing much we could do. The *Herald* lurched from one extravagance to the next. Finally in the columns of Theatre Gossip there occurred a series of what Antrobus called Utter Disasters. The reader may be left to imagine what the Serbian compositors would be capable of doing to a witty urbane and deeply considered review of the 100,000th performance of *Charley's Aunt*.

The *Herald* expired with the invasion of Yugoslavia and the sisters were evacuated to Egypt where they performed prodigies of valour in

nursing refugees. With the return to Belgrade, however, they found a suspicious Communist régime in power which ignored all their requests for permission to refloat the *Herald*. They brought their sorrows to the Embassy, where Polk-Mowbray received them with a stately but absent-minded sympathy. He agreed to plead with Tito, but of course he never did. "If they start that paper up again," he told his Chancery darkly, "I shall resign." "They'd make a laughing stock out of you, sir," said Spalding. (The pre-war mission had been returned almost unchanged.)

Mr. Tope also returned and to everyone's surprise had Spoken and had been accepted by Bessie; he was now comparatively affluent and was holding the post which in the old days used to be known as Neuter's Correspondent—apity or not who can say?

"Well, I think the issue was very well compounded by getting the old girls an M.B.E. each for distinguished services to the British Way of Life. I'll never forget the investiture with Bessie and Enid in tears and Mr. Tope swallowing like a toad. And all the headlines Spalding wrote for some future issue of the *Herald*: 'Sister Roasted in Punk Champagne after solemn investiture'."

"It's all very well to laugh," said Antrobus severely, "but a whole generation of Serbs have had their English gouged and mauled by the *Herald*. Believe me, old man, only yesterday I had a letter from young Babie, you remember him?"

"Of course."
"For him England is peppered with fantastic place-names which he can only have got from the *Herald*. He says he enjoyed visiting Henleg Regatta and Westminster Abbey; furthermore, he was present at the drooping of the colour; he further adds that the noise of Big Bun striking filled him with emotion; and that he saw a film about Florence Nightingale called 'The Lade With the Lump.' No, no, old man, say what you will the *Herald* has much to answer for. It is due to sinister influences like the Gropes and Topes of this world that the British Council's struggle is such an uphill one. Care for another?"

WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED JAZZ?

*The ins and far-outs of jazz by
the field's top pianist!*



BY GEORGE SHEARING

THIS THING called jazz has three basic phases, or levels of creativity. The first level, to me, is the most important of the three. In the first level of jazz one delves into the subconscious. The freedom of easy flowing new material from the creator provides the most inspired moments of the jazz performance. The performer on this level is not bound by a preconceived pattern. He is aware that the music comes from either within himself, or from out of space springing from a source of infinite imagination which is limitless. It was my use of the first level of jazz on my English recordings that first captured the imagination of American jazzophiles.

I have often been referred to as the Daddy

of progressive jazz. But I assure you that no one pianist can create jazz without being backed up by others. Jazz is not for one instrument alone. Jazz cannot live in such isolation. Jazz comes from the combination of instruments. The clarinet, slide trombone, trumpet, drums and base all can take off and solve musical equations only when working together.

Now to get on with level two of jazz. This is where the freedom of phase one combines with the soloist's personality, or ego, allowing him to inject a bit of his own self into his creative performance. The arpeggio, or off-beat chord that he selects to use in the flow of his creativity enables him to identify himself and his style to the listener.

The third level of jazz is where the artist leans heavily on the backlog of a recognizable repertoire in which he can use cadences, runs, patterns and progressions to lend his own unique style to each musical situation. In jazz level three the artist strives mainly for the perfection of the instrument. This makes for a polished performance and shows off the artist's technical skill. Performing solely on the third level will always provide the session with the most swing—but such a session generally lacks that rare and wonderful moment of creation. However, the third level is the one most used in concerts and other public appearances, the one most jazz musicians work in because of the safety of its boundaries and its general appeal to the listening layman.

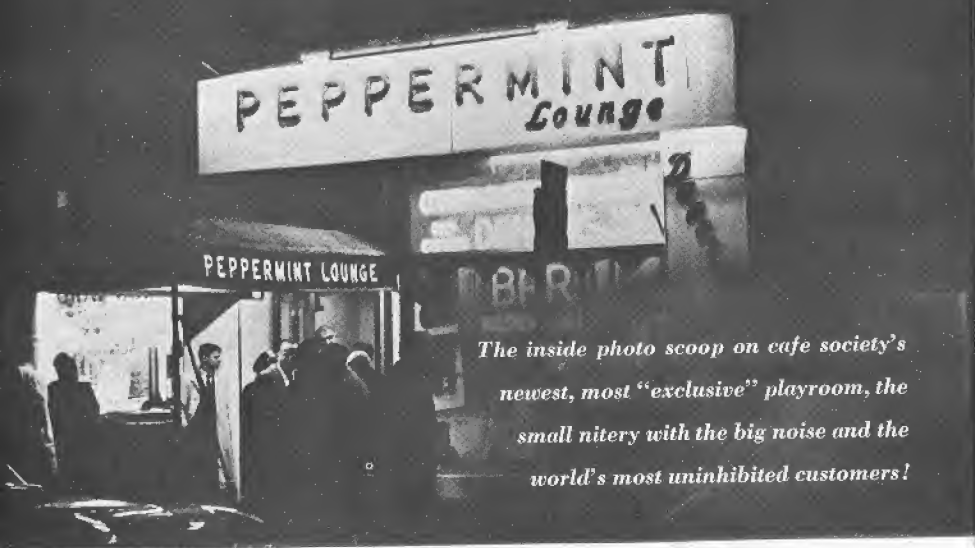
A solo jazz pianist without a rhythm background, because of the complexity of the piano, must play for the most part by pattern. He must be in constant search for new sounds that can unite the listener to the soloist in that one fleeting moment of creativity—that one moment when the soloist and the listener share the same emotion, when an idea that is new to the ear and senses is first discovered.

Improvisation is the heart of jazz, and jazz in its highest form will always be improvised no matter how complex it becomes, no matter how much of the world's music it eventually encompasses. Jazz has suddenly and rightfully become the sound of the Sixties. Jazz has fought a hard battle to survive through the years in dark back rooms from New Orleans to the glittering jazz palaces of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Where do we go from here with jazz? The limits and boundaries of jazz are being pushed a little wider day by day by the jazz musician, a dedicated, strong, individualistic type of man. This kind of man hopes to add new dimensions to the life-pulse of jazz. He hopes to discover new sources of jazz by digging deeper into the human personality and pushing boundaries further away from their set limits. It's his aim to carry jazz to an even more way-out plane, to exploit it as an art-form in the truest sense of that phrase.

Jazz is a way of being free and a means of self-expression. Jazz knows no limits. It will be fascinating to be a participant as jazz marches boldly ahead and grows along with the Sixties. Jazz is, after all, music's great new frontier. # # #

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS: BACHELOR CRASHES A TWIST PARTY AT THE...



The inside photo scoop on cafe society's newest, most "exclusive" playroom, the small nitery with the big noise and the world's most uninhibited customers!

BY TED GOTTFRIED — EDITOR OF BACHELOR

THE WILD REVELERS of New Year's Eve, the rejoicing throngs of VJ Day, the hysterical crowds at Valentino's funeral—roll 'em all up into one madding bunch of people and you've got the scene outside the Peppermint Lounge on West 45th Street in New York on any recent evening. Outside, we say, because only a small percentage of lucky ones ever manage to gain entry to a Peppermint

"Twist" Party. For instance, once recent night, no less a personage than Richard Nixon was turned away from the doors. It wasn't that the Peppermint management are Democrats; it was just that they couldn't squeeze another living soul into the place. Right behind our former veeep, incidentally, was yours truly, BACHELOR's Editor, and a photog. Maybe Nixon couldn't get in, maybe a long line of other VIPs were being turned away, but we were determined to crash this party and get the unposed





Above: Two of the "Starlighters," the five-man combo which provides the music, set pace for the "Twist."
Below: Ritzy "Twist" vanguard led by Elsa Maxwell.



pictures of what it's really like. An earnest talk with the management, a guided backdoor entry through the kitchen and a quick dash to a table that was being vacated and we'd done it! If the scene outside had been hectic, the one we took in now was sheer chaos. A railing separated the people at the tables from the midget dance-floor, measuring about 6 by 12 feet. On this dance-floor was a writhing mass which, as our eyes focused on it, began to look less like a casserole of mashed people and more like something that might conceivably be made up of individual human beings. Crunched together, but nevertheless managing to move with individual wild abandon, were youngsters of both sexes, in the sweater-and-jeans uniform of the dedicated "twister," and members of the *haute monde* dressed in evening clothes. The mixture is a testimonial to the appeal of the most uninhibited dance to swing down the pike since the mad terpsichorean (Continued on next page)



See
next
page





Hip to the "Twist," Greenwich Villagers flock to Lounge.



Young and old alike get with it and dig the bouncy beat.



Dedicated rock-'n'-rollers still manage to find dance space at the Peppermint, but the invasion by society (opp. page) is making it more difficult to get inside.



craze of the Charleston. Like that craze, the "Twist" didn't just develop overnight. It evolved, starting as music in search of a dance. The music, which can trace its origins down through New Orleans jazz, swing, be-bop and progressive jazz, is rock-'n'-roll. During that time, many rock-'n'-roll steps came and went, including "The Fish," "The Bristol Stomp," "The Mess Around" and "The Pony." None of them caught on, but out of one of them "The Madison," grew the "Twist," a variation originated by a 19-year-old singer named Chubby Checker. With the advent of the "Twist," cafe society, which had heretofore ignored rock-'n'-roll, suddenly embraced it with all the power of their credit cards. One place has become the Mecca where the "beat" meets the "elite" and it's the *Peppermint Lounge*, owned by a genial former cop. A small bar-lounge which once considered itself lucky if male guests deigned to wear neckties, it now suddenly found itself having to put up the velvet rope against a mass invasion of bejewelled ladies and soup-and-fish clad gents. This rush of the elite started when society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker itemed that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor often sneaked off to the Peppermint to watch the real "Twisters." Actually, they never had, but when they read they'd been, they went! And so did we, and these are the pictures of what it's like!

#



Biology in motion! That's what the "Twist" is, and it looks like it's here to stay!



The madams and their soiled doves, the gunnies?

girl friends and the dance-hall sirens,

the Indian-fighting pioneer ladies —

They really won the West!

THOSE WILD, WILD WOMEN OF THE WILD WEST

BY STEVE DICKSON





THE FUNERAL procession moved slowly and with dignity down the main street of Murray, Idaho towards the cemetery. Halfway there the first wagonload of mourners drew abreast of the hearse. The horses drawing the hearse moved a little faster; the other horses in the procession followed suit. Soon the steeds broke from a trot into a gallop. One of the drivers cracked his whip over the horses. Another let out a rebel yell. Jugs of corn whiskey appeared and challenges were shouted from wagon to wagon. The wheels became blurred discs of speed. The race was on!

The year was 1896, the occasion the laying to rest of Molly b'Damn, one of the last and wildest of the wild, wild women of the wild West. To some, her funeral might have seemed to be lacking in respect. But Molly herself would have known better. She would have appreciated the fact of being buried as she had lived—with a whoop, and a holler and a good time had by all. She

would have said, "Go to 'it, boys. Drink up and no sad songs. This body your puttin' in the ground's seen enough fun for six lifetimes."

She died as she had lived, in bed — with one difference: she died alone. Molly had been Murray's most beloved madam. She'd come to town—nobody knew from where—some 12 years before, rented a house, imported some girls and brought some fun and warmth into the lives of the women-hungry men of Murray. She was a cultured woman who quoted frequently from Shakespeare and Milton and Dante, but aside from that she was typical of the wild women who tamed the wild men who tamed the wild West.

Molly could shoot as well as most men. Gentle and soft-spoken, she was her own bouncer and on three

separate occasions shot it out with rambunctious gunslingers and won. She could curse with the best of them and when she tongue-lashed a customer who'd gotten out of line, likely as not he'd creep out of her red plush salon like a whipped cur. But he'd return the next day because he knew that Molly held no grudges. Also, like so many of her female contemporaries, she had a heart as big as the prairie.

Many a sick miner Molly nursed back to health; many a down-and-outer she grubstaked. She was a soiled dove in the best tradition of the Old West, a tradition established by such famed females as Calamity Jane of Deadwood Gulch, Mother Mac of Silver City and Martha Camp of Panamint City.

The last-named of these, Martha Camp, is perhaps the most typical. The shrewdest of businesswomen, she came to the gold-rush town of Panamint, California in 1875 and built up an entire street of cribs which she named "Maiden Lane." She (Continued on page 68)

THE FEARLESS LOVER

(Continued from page 54)

way, Lonigan remained something of a mystery to her. He evaded her questions about his personal life and turned aside much of what seemed to her to be normal curiosity with a quip.

It was one night about six weeks after the start of the affair that Angela told him how he perplexed her. They were in her bedroom, spent after just having made love, and she was cradling his head in her arms. "You're really a mystery man, aren't you, darling?" she said. "You seem to know everything about you and I don't know anything about you."

"There's nothing to know."
"All right, the devil with facts. I know you'll just be evasive if I start trying to get information. But tell me one thing: how did you get to be so cool?"

"What do you mean?"
"You don't seem to have any nerves. For instance, if I hear a noise, I jump. I think Don's come home unexpectedly and will catch us. But you don't seem to worry about that at all."

"I don't. If Don catches us, he catches us. So what?"

"Well, even if you're not afraid of him, wouldn't you feel horribly guilty. I mean, think what it would mean to him, discovering another man making love to his wife."

"Tough." The word was a hot ingot of sarcasm.

"How can you be so callous?"
"Do you think your husband is so lily-pure?"

"I—I'm not sure."
"Well, I doubt it. Let me tell you something—"

Lonigan's sentence was cut short by the slam of a door and a jovial shout. "Angela? Hi, I'm home." The guilty pair looked at each other. Events had caught up with their conversation too fast for Angela to adjust. But Lonigan remained calm. There was no trace of fear in his movements as he silently grabbed up his clothing, tossed it into the closet, stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

Don came into the bedroom. "Hi, honey. How've you been? Hey, you'll catch pneumonia like that, you hussy. Where's your nightgown. Better still, a robe. I'll get one for you." He turned towards the closet.

"No!" Angela's voice cracked out like a bullet. She brought it under control. I'm really comfortable, darling. Come on into the kitchen and I'll make you something to eat."

"No thanks. I'm not hungry. I had a sandwich on the plane."

"Well come sit down," Angela said desperately, "and tell me about your trip."

"Nothing to tell. I got through a day earlier than I expected, so I took the night plane home. I'm kind of bushed, though. I think I'll hit the sack." He shrugged out of his jacket and started for the closet again.

"Let me hang it up for you." There was a note of panic in Angela's voice as she leaped out of the bed and took the jacket from him.

"What's the matter with you?" Don looked at her and then at the closet. "What's going on around here?" He strode firmly towards the closet.

He stopped and looked at her. "I'm going to open it all right, Angela. And if I find what I think I'm going to find in there, I'll beat you within an inch of your life. That is, after I take care of your boy friend." He yanked the door open viciously.

"Why, you,——" he began, his hands reaching furiously for Lonigan's throat. Then, suddenly, they dropped

WILD WOMEN OF THE WILD WEST

(Continued from page 67)

brought in 15 girls and it was her boast that they entertained 500 men a day. With the strictly enforced rule of \$10 for 10 minutes, Martha was soon the wealthiest woman in California. But, like Molly b'Damn, underneath her shrewdness, Martha had a heart of pure marshmallow.

She contributed more than half the money needed to build Panamint's first church. And she made it a rule that any girl who worked for her must attend services every Sunday. And when some of these church-going chippies were so affected by their new-found religion that they decided to quit prostitution and seek a new life on the straight-and-narrow, it was Martha who staked them to stagecoach fare and sent them off with her blessing.

But Martha could be tough, too. When a jealous lover crashed into her place and shot and killed one of her girls and the man she was entertaining with one and the same bullet, it was Martha herself who led the lynch party that ran down the killer. The man refused to divulge his name, so Martha labeled him "One-Shot Tex" on the spot and thwacked the horse out from under him herself, shedding nary a tear as she watched him kicking his heels at the end of the lynch-mob rope. "Leave

to his side and he stepped back. "You!" he said with astonishment. "Yes, me." Lonigan was as calm as though he were fully dressed in a restaurant and giving his order to a waiter. "Don't look so surprised. Why shouldn't it be me? Occasionally there is some justice in the world."

"You — You two know each other?" Angela was watching them with amazement from the bed.

"In a manner of speaking, yes." Lonigan answered her.

Her husband's inaction after the fury she'd been anticipating had Angela thoroughly confused. "You mean you really did meet the two of us at a cocktail party, like you said that first night?"

"No," said Lonigan. "Your husband and I met under other circumstances."

"I don't understand. Don—?"
"Don't ask him," Lonigan told her. "I think the memory may be a little painful — particularly under the circumstances."

"But—But where did you two meet before?" Angela asked.

"In Pittsburgh. That's where I come from."

"In Pittsburgh?"

"Yes." Lonigan calmly began putting on his clothes. "In Pittsburgh. In my wife's bedroom." # # #

him hang a day or so as a warnin' to any other trigger-happy gunnies," she told the mob, and coolly went back to her business.

Her business, from the start, had been one which the customers themselves were most helpful in establishing and running. She'd talked them into building the row of cribs along Maiden Lane, telling them "I've got what you want, but no place to sell it. Build me some cribs and we'll be open for business."

The miners couldn't oblige fast enough. And after her business was launched, Martha appealed to them again to help her keep the peace. Before the first year was over, thirty men had been killed in gunfights along Maiden Lane. The 31st, who'd attempted to rough-up one of Martha's girls, was killed by the Madam herself. It was after this that Martha decided an end had to be put to all this gunplay. It was bad for business. Using a little elementary psychology, she hired the three worst, most trigger-happy gunmen in town to keep the peace along Maiden Lane. This served the dual purpose of keeping the three out of trouble themselves and of intimidating any other would-be trouble-makers. After that, Maiden Lane, although still wild, was relatively bloodless.

It was eventually wiped out by a flood and Martha Camp retired to Los Angeles where she became known as a wealthy, but eccentric dowager. Nobody knew of her past and she lived to a ripe, old age, dying—like Molly b'Damn—in her own bed and alone.

A more violent death was the lot of another of the Old West's wildest women. She's come down through history as Big Nose Kate—last name unknown—and she lies in an unmarked grave in Boot Hill, just outside of Tombstone, Arizona.

Big Nose Kate was a dance-hall girl and her life was as filled with drama as it was short. She first became renowned as Doc Holiday's sweetheart when the gambler was operating around Dodge City. Somebody shook a fifth ace out of Doc's sleeve in a poker game one night and the marshal threw him in the pokey. Big Nose Kate learned that a lynch-mob was forming to cheat the law of her lover, and she decided to take action.

She parked two horses around the corner from the jail, marched into the calaboose and brazenly stuck a Colt into the ribs of the deputy on guard. When he'd unlocked the cell door, she clobbered him with the gun, butt and she and Doc ran around back.

"I'll be a hornswoggled % # ! ? / # !"
Kate swore. "Some no-good % # \$! ? / !
stole the horses."

She left Doc huddling in the shadows there and went in search of new mounts. After about an hour she returned, but with only one horse.

So they rode out of town with Kate riding behind Doc and holding on to his waist. It was a bad spot to be, because they were spotted making their escape and a stray bullet winged Kate in the shoulder. Doc took it out himself and nursed her back to health in Tombstone.

Here she went to work at her old profession of dance-hall girl and Doc began gambling again. He was out of town the night she was killed. It happened this way:

She was perched on the bar one night when the door flew open and a local character named Blackie Simmons stalked in. "You there, Luke," he hailed a man standing next to Kate. "I told you to stay away from my sister. You didn't listen, so now you get what's comin' to you."

"Now wait a minute, Blackie—" Kate slid off the bar in front of Luke and raised her hands in a gesture of peacemaking. It was the last gesture she ever made. Blackie had already started firing and his first bullet cut her down.

They buried her with all due ceremony in Boot Hill and later that week, when Doc got back he killed

Blackie on the main street.

Certainly Big Nose Kate was one of the loyalest of the women who blazed a trail through Western history. Her fidelity to her man was matched only by Agnes Slade.

Agnes Slade was the wife of Joe Slade, and she stuck with him through 28 gun duels—all of which he won.

The 29th, between Slade and a grizzled, old prospector named Jules Reni, was the first one Slade lost. Reni accused him of having used his position as Pony Express Company superintendent in Julesburg, Colorado to steal gold, then blasted him down.

And dead he would have been if it hadn't been for Agnes. She bound up his wounds, loaded him onto a stagecoach and took him to a hospital in St. Louis to recuperate. When he was well, she went back to Julesburg with him and located Reni. Slade confronted him.

"Mercy, Joe, mercy," the old prospector begged.

Joe looked at Agnes questioningly. She shook her head slightly. He emptied his gun into the prospector, cutting his legs from under him and then finishing him with a neat bullet cleanly through the heart.

Slade himself wasn't to die so cleanly. Nor was Agnes to be there to ease his final moments. He was captured, pistol-whipped and hanged for murder in Virginia City, Montana. His last words were a request that someone send for Agnes who was still in Julesburg. When she got there, after a frantic day-and-night ride, he was still dangling at the end of a rope. "Shall I cut him down, Ma'am?" the sheriff asked respectfully.

"What for?" she replied. "He ain't no good to me now."

The remark, seemingly callous, wasn't as hard-hearted as it sounded. Agnes had really loved her man all right. It was just that in the Old West the women, as well as the men, learned to live with violence, to accept it philosophically, to go on living and do what had to be done.

Nor were all of these tough-spirited females on the shady side of John Law. One, as gritty as the wildest of them, was as respectable a lady as ever set dainty foot on the Western trail. This was Jane Swisshelm, who started the newspaper *The Visitor* in St. Cloud, Minnesota at a time when the small settlement was still falling victim to periodic Indian raids.

"Sister Jane," as she was called, shouldered a rifle with the best of the men during these raids and soon her marksmanship was as famous as her paper was getting to be. The news-sheet's fame came from the fact that it was a violently anti-

slavery sheet during a time—1855—when the prevailing sentiment in the area, which had been settled mostly by Southerners who wanted slavery extended to Minnesota, was violently pro-Dixie.

The political boss of the territory was General Sylvanus Lowry, a slave-owning Tennessean. He tried to exert pressure to have "Sister Jane's" newspaper support President Buchanan's pro-slavery stand. She refused and the two were soon hurling epithets back and forth at each other. Finally, "Sister Jane" printed a description of a frontier belle whose relationship with Lowry was common gossip. She described this lady as "thick-skinned, coarse, sensual-featured and loud-mouthed." The next day a so-called Committee of Vigilance broke into her office, dumped the type and wrecked the presses.

Some of "Sister Jane's" friends held a meeting to protest the attack. The meeting was raided by the same Committee of Vigilance. In the ensuing battle, "Sister Jane" mounted a table and, grasping a shotgun by the barrel, thwacked craniums with such force that the raiders retreated.

After that she always kept a shotgun alongside her desk in the office. She renamed her paper *The Democrat*, but began actively campaigning for the new, anti-slavery Republican Party. The result was that the Democrats of St. Cloud burned the lady-editor in effigy. Following this, she twice had to repel attacks by pro-slavery gangs and on both occasions filled a few sets of Dixie britches with buckshot.

But before the Dixie-ites could marshal their forces to run her out of town, a raid was staged by the Sioux Indians. Some 40 people were massacred and when it was over the very men who'd been trying to run "Sister Jane" out of town were singing her praises as the sharpshooter who'd fought shoulder-to-shoulder with them to drive the Indians away. They didn't like what she printed any better after that, but they figured any woman who was hell on redskins the way "Sister Jane" was, was better left alone. Nobody wanted to tangle with her.

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PILLAR OF SALT

(Continued from page 9)

This was all because Patty was new in the big city. Student of human nature though she was, Patty still didn't know much about LIFE.

Haddy realized all this and was patient. At least once each day the artist gently suggested that EVERY PART of Patty's young body was beautiful and naturally related to all the other parts. The LOGIC of the thing was inescapable and one day Patty quietly dropped the green-bordered napkin when the painter requested it. Haddy looked—and looked—and kept on painting.

"To display is not necessarily to USE," Patty noted in the back of her mind after the napkin dropped. And she complimented herself on how much she had learned so quickly about LIFE.

It was Haddy's custom to position his model on the stand at the beginning of each painting session. He would push this and pull that, pat one thing in and lift another part or move it "just so."

"No!" Patty snapped one morning as Haddy was about his duties of posing her. "Don't do anything THERE. You can look," she explained in a softer voice, "but don't touch."

Haddy granted agreement and quietly finished what he was doing, carefully avoiding the AREA. This was the technique the artist used in handling this most unusual young lady.

But there are two sides to every coin, or perhaps we should say life has its downs and its UPS—because Patty, blazing forth in all her navel-to-knees nudity (not to speak of those other related parts), added up to a set-back for ART.

Haddy was now thinking of Patty as his "little-Miss-DIDN'T," and to tell the truth he rather wished she DID. Love had come to the studio of Haddy Whittle. As it happened, SUCCESS arrived a day later. Haddy sold a painting.

An artist with a supply of money is more or less in the same position as an outnumbered and besieged garrison. Success against the threatening battalions of debt being impossible, the artist thinks of a glorious meal under the assumption it may well be his last.

Nothing was more reasonable than Haddy asking Patty to share the feast since it was the painting of her in the nude—politely known as a life study—that had brought home the loot. This was especially important because the aging lecher who purchased it—politely known as a collector of fine art—wouldn't have

given it a glance if Patty had kept the napkin over the vital spot.

The day of the feast, Haddy kept on painting the napkin-clutching Patti right up until it was time to eat. Finally, dinner arrived majestically in huge earthenware casseroles, delivered to the studio by soft-spoken men in crisp uniforms. This is how the rich live it up and Haddy was having his day of glory.

The quivering noses of the artist and his model found the aroma fantastically appetizing. The moment the uniformed attendants were gone, Patty shot about the studio like crazy gathering chairs, plates and silverware. Haddy took it easy. The dinner was more than a special meal or a celebration for him, it was part of a PLAN. So, while Patty did the necessary tasks, Haddy cleaned his brushes and put his painting things away in preparation for the other event—the one Patty didn't expect.

The girl finished carrying the covered casseroles to the table and yelled: "Come and get it!" Still dressed in nothing but the bathrobe she had donned after discreetly dropping the green-bordered napkin she wore for modeling, Patty was too hungry to think of anything but food.

And that's exactly the way Haddy planned it.

Specially prepared to the artist's orders, the casseroles nearly covered the table, flavor-filled steam escaping from each of them. The onion soup came first and Patty had a time keeping her hands steady as she portioned it into soup bowls—she was that hungry.

"It smells absolutely mmmmm," Patty grinned as she lifted the first spoonful to her lips. Her face crinkled into a huge smile and she licked her lips grandly after she swallowed her first mouthful. "It's perfect, absolutely... no," Patty shook her head at the attentive Haddy who hadn't yet started. "No," Patty continued slowly, "it needs SALT."

Of course it needed salt. Haddy had made a special point of "no salt" when he ordered the food. But Patty didn't know this.

The girl glanced over the table looking for the salt shaker. "That's funny, I'm sure I put it out. You have it?" she asked the artist.

"Nope," that crafty one answered innocently. "Must be where you put it."

Patty was famished and bursting to get at her soup. I little thing like the missing salt irritated her. "It was right where the napkin is now. Anyway," she added half-annoyed and

half-puzzled," what's that doing on the table? I dropped it on the floor when I put on my bathrobe. It shouldn't be on the table."

Patty wrinkled her pretty nose and reached out with her thumb and forefinger to snatch away the offending green-bordered cloth that served to cover the SPOT when she modeled in the nude. Haddy's hand slid out and stopped her.

"No, no, leave it," he said softly, "it's covering something."

"Silly, there's nothing there," Patty joked. Still, Haddy's unusual behavior worried her. More important, it made her curious. "Now look," she said angrily, "don't be silly. It's not nice to have that . . . napkin . . . on the table when we're eating."

Haddy shrugged like a reasonable man. "I tell you, Patty, it's covering something. You can look if you have to, but don't touch it whatever you do."

Bubbling with curiosity, Patty shot her hand out to the napkin and lifted it high . . . and gasped. Proudly revealed in a new coat of paint, the salt shaker greeted Patty's eyes.

"Damn it, Haddy, what's the salt cellar doing under the modeling napkin . . . and why'd you paint it light orange?" Since Haddy didn't answer her with anything except an innocent smile, Patty quickly stuck her tongue out at him and reached for the salt. Once again, Haddy's hand came out to stop her.

"No, no," he said, shaking his head and pretending to be shocked, "look, but don't touch."

"Are you crazy?" Patty threw the napkin onto the bed and glared at her table-mate. "That's salt, plain salt. It's meant to be used. Now stop being silly, I'm hungry."

"Gee, Patty, I'm sorry," the young man said with a shrug. "I tried to hide it so you wouldn't think about it."

"You're NUTS!" the girl shouted, "plain nuts." Looking at Haddy as if he were a small child, Patty explained: "I don't have to see salt to know that I want it. Everybody wants salt; in fact, everybody needs it. Well . . . now can I have it?" The girl didn't try to pick up the shaker but, instead, watched the painter carefully to see if he really had gone mad.

"Hmm, well, I'll tell you, Patty," he said seriously, "I think you've looked at the salt shaker long enough. I'm going to put the napkin back over it."

"Imbecile!" she muttered through her clenched teeth. "That napkin is for my . . . for my . . ."

And Patty found she couldn't say it.

Her mind raced as she tried to fig-

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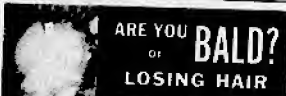
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THE LAUGH'S ON US

(Continued from page 11)

ure out the whole lunatic business and, in addition, tried to understand why Haddy's silly little game with the salt bothered her so much.

The young man was no help to her, sitting quietly as he was—looking at the ceiling. Patty turned her head toward the bed where the modeling napkin lay where she had thrown it. Then she glanced at the salt shaker which once had been pewter and now was painted an off-orange.

In her mind she went over their conversation, most of which had been her own angry words. "I don't have to see salt to know I want it," she had told him. "You can look, but don't touch," Haddy had said. "Everybody needs it," she had answered.

She glanced again at the salt cellar which seemed taller and heavier than she remembered it. The color, too, made it more meaningful.

Suddenly, like the touch of a warm sun on her body, TRUTH, MEANING and a sense of LIFE came to Patty.

She was hungrier than ever... but not for food.

Firming her lips and glaring without anger at Haddy, the young woman pushed away from the table, retrieved the modeling napkin from the bed and then marched purposefully to the rear of the studio, out of sight of her table-mate.

A moment later, Patty returned without her bathrobe. The green-hemmed napkin covered the SPOT, the rest of her was bare. Not simply naked, Patty realized, she was gloriously, proudly naked. It was the same stomach, breasts, thighs and all that were exposed to Haddy's happy eyes; the difference was an almost bursting life-force that made her aware she was radiating MEANING.

"Um... the feast suffers from a lack of... SALT!" The hard-flung napkin caught Haddy full in the face.

Patty kept her eyes lightly closed and held still as the young man came over and gently kissed her.

Curiosity opened Patty's eyes several times and Love kept shutting them except during special moments within moments. And Haddy quite forgot what a clever fellow he was as he made love to her.

Then they moved quietly apart but still close enough that any tremor from head to toe would be instantly communicated to the other. Patty tried to think. She tried to UNDERSTAND.

Love confused any thoughts except a special few. Finally, and with an effort, the ex-little-Miss-DIDN'T recognized the key message for the FULL LIFE.

"Haddy... please... more SALT!"

#

greatest sketch comic around. He is nothing short of brilliant when he takes off on a character and gets into a skit. He is not a good stand-up comic, however, nor can he ad lib well.

I feel similarly about Jackie Gleason. As a sketch comic, he is on a par with Sid Caesar. But like Caesar, is limited when it comes to stand-up work.

A comic who might have revolutionized radio during the late 1940s, but didn't, was Henry Morgan. Morgan was far ahead of his time. During the brief span of years when he was at his peak, he was a truly great satirist. Nobody could come near him.

It's a sad fact, but in recent years Morgan seems to have lost that great touch. His satire has turned to bitterness, and he just isn't terribly funny, anymore.

I feel pretty much the same about Jerry Lewis. When he first came up with Dean Martin, he was the end. But since the beginning of their split, Lewis has grown less and less funny. I am not certain why. Perhaps after 10 or 15 years of watching the same spastic walk and the same spastic face, it has all become just too much.

There are certain people who are associated with comedy who are not really comics, at all. They are, on the other hand, men who are comedy catalysts—men who made, comedy happen around them.

The first in this group would be Steve Allen. He knows what good comedy is and has a wonderful talent for making it happen, even though he, himself, is not what I consider a true comedian.

All of Allen's shows can be both exciting and funny. But, frankly, I feel that his best work has not been on his big, hour-long weekly programs but on the old Tonight show which was a casual, ad lib affair.

Garry Moore is also in this group. Garry's TV success, incidentally, is due to something so obvious many people overlook it. He happens to be a genuinely nice guy. I can say this, because Garry was one of the people who did most to help me get started in show business.

This niceness of Garry Moore's comes right through that video tube. People have to like him. When you have something like that going for you, it helps to create a good mood for the comedians who are appearing on your show.

I don't know if you would call Jack Paar a comic or not. He certainly was one for many years before he took over the late night

show on NBC. On that show, of course, he does not act as a comic.

What he is, on his late night show, is a tremendous talent. Frankly, I get sick and tired of hearing people say that Jack Paar doesn't do anything. There is no one around that can arouse people the way Paar can. He's a truly honest man in his performing. The way he comes over is exactly the way he is!

I've heard Paar called neurotic and unstable. Well, we're all neurotic and unstable, at least to a degree, aren't we? Most of us, though, wear masks and try to hide the parts of our personality that we don't want people to see. Paar never wears a mask. He is himself, bare-faced and almost naked. The real excitement of his show is to see how he will react to any given situation on any given night.

I don't know who they can get to replace Jack Paar on the late night program. The only two men whom I believe could handle that program are Steve Allen and Jack Paar. They both have the marvelous ability to bring out the strongest facets of other people.

My own work is identified, probably correctly, with a group of comics who we might vaguely identify as "modern" comics and who include such diverse talents as Shelly Berman, Mort Sahl, Lennie Bruce and Jonathan Winters.

I have heard members of this group singled out as "sick" comics. I am not sure just what a sick comic is supposed to be—nor do I think are many of the people who use the term. Basically, sick comedy is a phrase invented by the newspapers which just does not apply to any of the comics I know.

It is true that some of these people use subjects that are not normally considered suitable for comedy. But I honestly do not think that any subject should be taboo—that is, if it is handled tastefully.

Of course, taste is the key word, here. Once a comic gets into "blue" material, he loses me. And I think he loses most of his audience, besides. Even the ones who laugh will remember later that he was dirty, not that he was funny.

Personally, I never use blue material and I don't really approve of comics who do.

This brings me around to Lennie Bruce, the comedian who's been identified more than any other as being "sick." Bruce, let me say right here, is not "sick." He is a great comic with a brilliant mind who uses his act to dig into our society

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and tell people some very unpleasant truths about themselves in what is almost the manner of the classic Shakespearean fool.

The point is that he would be just as great or perhaps even greater without the use of profanity. He uses four letter words for shock effects, to get people giggling. I have seen him in a club when he gets off on a tangent and starts philosophizing to poor audience reaction. This is when he drags out the four letterisms. It is his way of shocking the audience. Of waking them up. Of getting them going.

But I don't think he need operate in this way. He is too big a talent to have to offend his audience in order to get them to laugh.

But Lennie Bruce is a contradictory man in many respects. He is honest, completely honest with his own ideas. But on the other hand, if you should disagree with those ideas that automatically makes you a square.

Mort Sahl is another example of the modern school. I would call him great to a degree. The trouble is that Sahl demands so much study

in his particular areas that I for one, don't understand a lot of what he talks about. In order to really dig Mort Sahl, you almost have to be an expert in current events, sports cars and psychiatry at the very least.

But don't get me wrong. Sahl does have a good mind and in his own field does some great things. Like Lennie Bruce, he doesn't merely tell jokes. He may not be as brutally honest as Bruce, but he also digs deeply into our society.

Bob Newhart has a good mind, also. His style, however, has mostly been taken from other people. What he did, I believe, was to find comics that he admired and take ideas that they had already worked out. In particular, Newhart is an amalgamation of Shelly Berman, Lennie Bruce and myself.

He uses my gimmick of talking to an imaginary person, Shelly's telephone bit and Lennie's style of using hip language in extremely incongruous situations. The result is Bob Newhart.

My own particular favorites among the comedians are Shelly

Berman and Jonathan Winters, plus a couple of comics who are not as well known as they, but who can break me up pretty good, Paul Lynde and Don Rickles.

As you have probably guessed by now, I personally enjoy watching the modern style of comedy most. I guess if I had to create an ideal comic, he would be a combination of Shelly Berman, Jonathan Winters and—yes!—Lennie Bruce. Perhaps an unlikely combination, but a very funny one.

As for myself, as I wrote earlier, I feel that I'm basically an actor. Like many comedians, I've often felt like going into straight dramatic acting. What appeals to me most is the idea of playing heavies on TV shows like Naked City.

I would make a good heavy, I think, because I have a mean face.

In the meantime, though, I'll be using that mean face and shifty eyes for comic purposes on such programs as the Perry Como Show. There, I'm sure you will judge me just as frankly as I have judged some of the other players on the comedy scene. # # #

TRUTH ABOUT "NUDIE" MOVIES

(Continued from page 19)

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into movie production. DeCenize was a showman. A movie cameraman, W. Merle Connell, filmed and directed "Not Tonight Henry," and the producer of "Adam & Six Eves" is Roberto Rico, a Hollywood producer who used to specialize in low-budget science fiction films.

His background in low-budget filming stood Rico in good stead in the making of his "Nudie." It took only five days to shoot "Adam" in a large warehouse in downtown Los Angeles. In making "Nudies," time is money, and ultra-tight shooting schedules are the rule. That's why, in addition to their other labels, "Nudies" are also tagged "Quickies."

"The Immoral Mr. Teas" was shot in four days for only \$24,000. "Not Tonight Henry" took nine days and cost \$71,000. "The Adventures of Lucky Pierre," currently being shot, is budgeted at \$45,000.

Altogether, 35 "Nudies" have been filmed within this general cost range. Most of them have been shot in the Los Angeles area in large warehouses or auditoriums. However, in recent months there have been announcements that "Nudies" will be filmed in Chicago, Honolulu, Nevada and other locales around the country.

The "Quickie" aspects of shooting "Nudies" are responsible for the desire to climb on the bandwagon. Even the lowest-budget Hollywood B film costs a minimum of \$250,000 to produce and requires at least a

20-day shooting schedule. And many such films are losing propositions, made merely as fillers to satisfy the need for a lower half to a double-bill. Considering that "Not Tonight Henry" has grossed \$500,000, not The West Coast alone, and that Russ Meyers has estimated that "The Immoral Mr. Teas" will earn a cool million dollars, it's easy to see the attraction in filming "Nudies."

"Nudies," incidentally, are not in the same category as the nudist films which have been shown widely around the U.S. and other parts of the world. The nudist films are shot in nudist colonies and show genuine nudists at their daily activities. They are usually documentaries, sometimes semi-documentaries with a wisp of plot. They hardly ever have aspects of either sex or humor. Still, they've been lumped with the "Nudies" by critics of undress and they've even run into some opposition all their own.

This opposition comes from bona fide nudist groups who object to the way they claim nudist films distort the nudist movement. One particular beef was aimed at the sales campaign for "The Naked and the Unashamed," which advertised "cameramen wear figleaves while shooting nudists' hideouts." The British Sun Clubs protested to the British Board of Film Censors about nudist films using models so well-stacked that they were "untypical of mem-



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bers of the naturist movement." This led to John Trevelyan, Secretary of the Board, announcing that before a nudist picture could get its seal of approval, the Board must be satisfied that it "preaches the gospel of naturism." He added that it must contain no "sex."

This, of course, would bar the "Nudies" from the British Isles. But they wouldn't be barred from most of the rest of Europe. Nor are they, at this writing, barred from most of the cities in the U.S. According to Dave Friedman, producer of "The Adventures of Lucky Pierre," there are between 600 and 700 bookings available to "Nudie" pictures in theatres around the country which will pay \$200 and up for a week-long showing of the film. And "Henry" director W. Merle Connell said recently: "There is a big market. Public opinion is not against this type of picture."

Public opinion may not be, but certain pressure groups must certainly be against the "Nudies." The largest of these is the Hollywood movie industry itself. Recently, leaders of the industry appointed a ten man fact-finding commission to recommend new laws by which police in the Hollywood-L.A. area could stop production and also keep theatres in the area from showing "Nudies." In line with this, the L.A. City Council has asked the State Legislature to ban production of such films. The reasoning of the industry, and of the City Council where it has large representation, is that "Nudies" reflect adversely on the industry as a whole and give Hollywood a bad name.

A three-point answer to this charge has been given by one of the "Nudie" producers. He said: "We don't ask for a Seal of Approval from the industry censorship office, so there's no reason why the big companies who are mainly behind this charge should feel that our films reflect on their product. These companies got their start by putting out exactly the kind of film we're producing. The early films of Von Stroheim were rougher than anything we've put out. They treated the most perverted subjects in intimate detail and with a seriousness that made the acts portrayed all the more attractive. They showed nudity and semi-nudity combined with blatant sex-play. Today, incidentally, many of these films are shown in museums and hailed as artistic masterpieces. But when they were made, they were greeted with the same accusations as our productions are. A more direct precedent for our films was set by C. B. DeMille. In his early days he was famous for the same kind of risqué comedies most of us are putting out. Actresses

like Claudette Colbert and Gloria Swanson appeared semi-nude in his pictures. As a matter of fact, he showed so many semi-nude bathing scenes in his films that he was called the 'King of the Bathtubs.' Even 'Variety,' which has sided with the big companies in their attempts to censor us, said recently that 'the roots of sexualism go back before World War One to the white slavery epics.'

"Secondly, the movie moguls are contradicting themselves when they blow the censorship whistle on us. There isn't one major producer or director in Hollywood who hasn't voiced objections to censorship at one time or another. Most recently, Paul N. Lazarus Jr., Columbia veep, blamed censorship for a lessening of creativity in picture-making. This, in spite of the fact that the major studios are making pictures today which treat subjects and show things that never would have reached the screen ten years ago. 'Psycho,' for instance, with its portrayal of a transvestite and revealing shots of Janet Leigh showering in the raw, was rougher in its way than anything we 'Quickie' producers have made. Personally, I think the 'Psycho' approach was extremely sick, while our films stress a healthy outlook on sex, but I never would have approved of pressuring Hitchcock not to make it—the way the studio bigwigs are trying to pressure us.

"That brings me to my third point, which is just why this pressure is being exerted. The answer, as might be expected is economic. Both Lazarus and Hal Wallis have recently complained that high production costs are strangling Hollywood. We small independents have managed to pare these costs to the bone and still compete with the big studios. Naturally, they don't like this. Also, there's been a great decrease in the number of theatres available for film showings over the past ten years. Booking time in these theatres is at a premium. The big studios have a backlog of pictures waiting for a place to be shown. If one of our films is booked by a theatre-owner instead of one released by the major companies, naturally they resent it. Originally, our films were shown mostly in 'Skid Row' theatres, but lately they've been getting more and more bookings in art houses and other legitimate theatres. The biggies are feeling the squeeze and if you ask me, that's the real reason behind their attempts to put us out of business."

Except on the 'biggies' home grounds, the L.A. area, these attempts have gained only spotty backing around the country. In general the public seems to feel that as long as the "For Adults Only" rule

is enforced, "Nudies" are fine for those who want to see them and let the others stay away. Still, in a few isolated instances, the major studios' anti-"Nudie" stand has been supported.

The *Atlanta Journal* editorialized that "the rest of the country should applaud the attempt being made in Hollywood to wipe out this rash of films." The *Chicago Sun Times* and the *Chicago Daily News*, which operate under the same ownership, recently announced that they wouldn't accept ads for "Nudie" movies. Clem Perry, an old-timer in the management of art theatres, denounced the showing of sex movies because they "chased away" the steady art theatre patron. (The tremendous increase in box office receipts when art houses have shown "Nudies" would seem to be the best reason for Mr. Perry's attitude.)

A District Attorney in a California city preferred charges against a theatre manager for showing "Not Tonight Henry," claiming that the picture is obscene. The case hasn't come up yet, but the D.A. told newsmen that "the picture is pretty raunchy . . . I wouldn't want my 2½ year old daughter to see that picture."

He didn't say just which movie he might consider suitable for his 2½ year old daughter. Would it be "Psycho"? "Butterfield 8"? "Splendor in the Grass"? Or perhaps some other big studio production dealing with nymphomania, adolescent sex urges, or perverted murder? In any case, the best answer to the D.A. comes from Russ Meyers who has made a public statement to the effect that he was firmly opposed to allowing any youngsters to view "Nudie" films. The "For Adults Only" rule is one which the "Nudie" producers themselves are most anxious to see enforced.

And it is being enforced, which narrows the controversy over "Nudies" down to the argument of whether or not adults should be allowed to view them. The strong feeling of those who make "Nudies" is that each person should be left free to decide this for himself, that no group has the right to impose entertainment restrictions on others.

Such restrictions most often constitute a barring of the poor and even average-income-man from viewing the female form while allowing the rich man the widest indulgence to satisfy his taste. It's a pattern which covers many other areas than movies. For instance, relatively little objection was raised to the selling of the \$7.00 edition of Henry Miller's frankly sexy novel, "Tropic of Cancer," but the distribution of a popularly-priced, 95c edition brought the blueses down on

the booksellers like a horde of screaming banshees. Nobody objected to the showing of the play version of "The Moon Is Blue," at \$6.60 per seat, but when the movie, which was much milder, was released at popular prices, objections were raised within the movie industry and by censorship groups on the outside.

It's the same with the "Nudies." The rich man can go to Las Vegas and see much more nudity in-the-flesh than the poor man will view in any "Nudie" movie. Or, the well-to-do fellow in most U.S. cities can go into any one of the many expensive night clubs running openly and enjoy a Scotch along with the striptease. But the poor man can't afford that kind of a spree. The "Nudie" movies, in a sense, bring Las

Vegas to him. Why shouldn't they?

Why this double standard between undraped entertainment for the rich and for the poor? Are the rich man's morals any less likely to be corrupted? Does he have any more right to indulge his appreciation for the female form than the poor man? Does the fact that a man can afford a large liquor tab at a nitery make nudity and semi-nudity all right, and the fact that he can't afford any more than the price of a movie make it all wrong? In a free society like ours, the answers must be "No!"

That "No!" points up the greatest truth about "Nudie" movies. It's this: the average Adam can afford them.

Has anyone the right to deny him his Eden? # # #

WHERE THE SUN NEVER SETS

(Continued from page 34)

this new development. I was too dazed by his revelation that he had no mother even to realize that this was the first time he had ever spoken to me about himself.

The pattern of excuses and reasons I had built up had come tumbling down about my ears. He had no family. He had no mother. He was alone. Then what did he do with his money? Was he really a miser? Was he so stingy that he couldn't bear to spend a dollar a week for the baseball pool, or the few cents that a second-balcony theater ticket cost?

I tried, during the weeks that followed, to think up other excuses for him. But I couldn't. The disappointment had been too sudden and too complete. His attitude toward me had not changed. He was just as friendly, just as distant; just as pleasant, just as disinterested. But my own feelings had cooled appreciably.

Several weeks later he stopped me in the hall one day as I was going out to lunch.

"Hello," I said surprised. It was the first time he had ever sought me out, and it was the first time I had ever seen him so nervous. His face was creased by a worried frown and he kept looking about him, from side to side, as though he were afraid of being overheard. For once the invisible film of detachment that stretched between him and the rest of the world was pierced.

"Listen," he said in a low voice, putting his hand on my arm, "you want to do me a favor? It's not much, just a little thing, but I . . ."

"Sure," I said. "But what's all the . . ."

He took my arm and steered me down the hall, away from the office entrance. "I'll tell you," he said hurriedly. "You doing anything tonight?

I mean right after work?"

"Why, no, but . . ."

"Could you go someplace with me for a little while? It won't take long. I want to get something and I don't want to go alone. It's not far from here. Could you go with me? It won't take long." His voice was pleading.

"Sure," I said heartily. "But why can't we go now? We've got a whole hour, and if it's not far from here . . ."

"No, I can't do it now," he said, shaking his head. "I don't want to do this on my lunch hour. I don't want to rush this. And anyway," he added, as though he were making things perfectly clear, "I've got to go to the bank now to get the money. What do you say?" he asked eagerly.

"O.K.," I said.

His face broke into a relieved smile. "Thanks," he said. "I'll wait for you right after work," and hurried away.

At five-thirty we left the office together. He offered no word of explanation, and my curiosity mounted as I tried to keep up with the pace he was setting. He moved along the streets quickly and surely, turning corners and crossing gutters without hesitation, as though he knew his destination so well, had, indeed, made the trip so often, that he could now do it without thought. There was a curious intensity about his face and the way he moved, with his head thrust forward a bit, his lips slightly parted and his chest heaving with suppressed excitement.

"What's all the hurry?" I asked after a few blocks.

"They may be closed," he answered without turning his head or slackening his pace. "I have to get there before they close."

In a few minutes we halted in front of an expensive-looking lug-

gaze shop. The windows were still lighted, but the handsomely-tailored men who moved about inside were obviously getting the place ready for closing.

Sykes peered through the glass for a moment, then turned to me.

"We still got time," he said, relieved, and then, faltering, by way of explanation: "I was sort of... well, sort of a little scared to go in and buy it myself." He stopped and dropped his embarrassed eyes from mine. "I mean I thought... it sort of... well, it sort of looks better for two of us to come in, instead of one. I was a little afraid, I mean to you, know, to go in to buy it all by myself. But it won't take long," he added hastily. "Only a few minutes. That's all it'll take, then you..."

"That's all right," I said. "I'm in no hurry."

We went inside and a salesman came toward us, his head bent slightly to one side, a faint look of surprise on his face.

"You got a trunk," Sykes said at once. "It's called the Mercury DeLuxe. I've seen it in your window..."

"Certainly, sir," the salesman said. "Won't you step this way?"

"That's all right," Sykes said quickly. "I've seen it a few times already." He reached into his breast pocket and drew out a shabby wallet. "I want to buy it."

The salesman stared at him for a moment, and Sykes' face took on a worried look. "You got one in the house, haven't you?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, yes, sir," the salesman said, recovering himself.

"How much is it?"

"A hundred and twenty, sir. Plus two-forty tax makes a hundred and twenty-two forty."

"A hundred and twenty?" There was consternation in Sykes' voice. He stopped fumbling with the wallet and stared at the salesman. "I thought it was a hundred and fifteen? It's been a hundred and fifteen dollars for over a year. I know because I've watched the price. Why," he cried, "only last week it was a hundred and fifteen!"

"I know, sir," the salesman said with an apologetic smile, "but the manufacturer raised the price on us only three days ago. We can't help ourselves, sir."

"Gee," Sykes said in a disappointed tone, "I thought it was a hundred and fifteen. I brought just enough."

For a moment I thought he was going to cry.

"Here," I said, reaching into my pocket, "I'll lend you the difference."

His face lit up at once. "Oh, gee, thanks," he said gratefully.

"That's all right," I said, and really meant it. The feeling of relief that

the last few minutes had given me was worth twice that amount. At last I knew the answer. Better than that. At last I knew the solution. At last I knew his secret. I knew what had made him seem so stingy. I knew what he had been saving for. And I knew, too, what it was that had drawn me to him. I, too, longed to travel, to sail across the seas to distant lands. I was glad now that I had not joined the others in their derision. I was glad that I had defended him. It was as though I had instinctively come to the aid of a brother or a sister. The lure of the horizon had made us kin.

The salesman had finished counting the money and took up his pencil.

"Where shall we send it, sir?" he asked.

"I want it delivered now," Sykes said. "I'll go along with it."

The salesman looked at him in astonishment. "Now? Tonight?"

"Yes, tonight."

"But it's too late, sir! Our delivery men are gone for the day. Our trucks are... Couldn't we send it around to you tomorrow, first thing in the morning? I'll tell our man to rush it over..."

"No," Sykes said firmly. "I must have it tonight."

The salesman stared helplessly, holding the money in front of him. "I'm afraid it's quite impossible, sir."

Sykes scowled at him for a time, then said: "I'll tell you what. We'll have to load it into a taxi. I must have it tonight."

The salesman looked relieved and hurried into the rear of the store for help. In a few minutes Sykes and I were driving uptown in a taxi with the trunk lashed carefully onto the running board.

He did not speak during the trip, and I asked no questions. We drew up, finally, before a brownstone rooming house on the West Side and helped the driver carry the trunk upstairs. After he left, Sykes excused himself and hurried out into the hall to wash. I sat down and looked around.

The room was a small one, an ordinary hall bedroom, drab and cheerless. It was cheaply furnished in the manner of thousands like it all over the city. There was nothing in the room that would have revealed the character of its occupant, nothing that would have set it apart from all the others, no spark of color, no picture on the walls, no litter of clothing or books or toilet articles. Nothing, save the gleaming, rich-looking trunk.

He must have everything packed and ready, I thought, although I wondered where it could all be.

In a few moments he was back, rubbing his freshly washed hands

together, a happy smile on his face. He went to the trunk and opened it carefully, so that it stood in two sections, hinged in the middle, like an opened book standing on end. He squatted before it and played with the beautifully arranged compartments, pulling out drawers, lifting flaps, snapping catches into place.

"Look," he said, talking to me over his shoulder. "Here's how you hang your suits, with the pants here, like this, so they won't get creased." Or, "See this?" He slid out a leather folder. "That's for your ties. You can put in over a dozen, and they'll always be pressed." He turned to face me. "You know what this trunk'll hold?" he asked, his voice rich with enthusiasm. "You'll never believe it, but it's laid out so cleverly—an engineer designed it, a regular engineer—it's laid out so cleverly that these few square feet, just these few square feet here, they'll hold six suits, a dozen shirts, four hats, a topcoat, six pairs of shoes, ties, underwear, socks—anything at all that you want!"

"When are you leaving?" I asked. He stared at me without comprehension. "Leaving? Where?"

"I mean, when are you going away? On your trip, I mean," I pointed to the trunk. "When are you going?"

He followed the direction of my hand and looked at the trunk. Then he said, "Oh!" and smiled wistfully and shook his head. "I'm not going away. I wish I could, but I can't afford it. Why, it took me over a year to save up enough for this."

He patted the trunk affectionately and smiled at it. There was something in his face and the way his hands fondled the gleaming leather and metal that made me feel ashamed to be watching. It was as though I had stumbled upon two lovers and was listening to their soft whispers and watching their caresses. His tenderness embarrassed me. I felt like an intruder.

I stood up and walked quietly toward the door. He did not notice me until the lock clicked when I turned the knob.

He looked up, as though he had been interrupted. "Oh," he said, and then seemed to remember me. "Thanks for all your trouble."

"That's all right," I said quickly, dropping my eyes from his.

As I started to close the door from the outside I saw him stroke the polished leather sides gently. His voice came to me through the narrowing crevice of the closing door.

"Boy," he was saying softly, his eyes alight, his head shaking slowly from side to side with admiration, "boy," he breathed, "with a trunk like this, with a trunk like this you could go anywhere!"

###

FISH WITH THE GENIUS I.Q.

(Continued from page 41)

In addition, dolphins are perhaps the only animals outside of human beings to have a strong, natural sense of humor! The dolphin loves a good practical joke. If dolphins could ever learn to handle matches that worked beneath the sea, the underwater hotfoot might become a common hazard.

To balance this off, however, dolphins do appear to have kind hearts. At least when it comes to humans. For some strange reason they seem to like us. Perhaps they hope to civilize us, some day! For whatever the reason, though, dolphins—who, incidentally, are not too chicken to tangle with sharks—have never been known to attack a human being. On the other hand, there have been many reports of drowning people being rescued and pushed to shore by these sea beasts.

When you start taking a peep through the history books, you find that the dolphin's peculiar virtues have not always been hidden. From early times, many men have seemed to regard this sea creature as something special among wild animals.

The first attempt at a scientific write-up of the dolphin comes from no less than the famous Greek philosopher and naturalist, Aristotle. In his description of the Mediterranean variety, Aristotle emphasizes its kindly nature and its highly social attitude. Older and larger dolphins, for example, will look out for and try to protect younger and smaller ones, the philosopher says.

Much of what Aristotle claims for the dolphin has been verified by later, more modern writers on the subject.

Consider this one: when a dolphin is sick or injured so that he can't swim properly, he gives out with a peculiar kind of whistle that Dr. Lilly has termed the "distress call." If there are a couple of other dolphins in the neighborhood, they'll stop what they are doing to answer the SOS. They will arrange themselves one on each side of him and buoy him up in the water.

That isn't all. If this doesn't work, the trio will go into a hasty conversation of complex whistles and then come up with other measures which may be more heroic. Lilly reports, for example, that when a dolphin was twisted around, following an experiment, so that it could not straighten up again, a couple of its mates worked on the animal for several hours, trying different remedies for the problem.

Another example of the dolphin's reasoning power comes in those practical jokes I mentioned earlier. They

love to sneak up behind people and slap the water hard in order to startle them. If the person jumps, they'll swim a little distance away and give their own equivalent of a horse laugh—or perhaps a dolphin laugh!

In his book, Dr. Lilly records one trick that was developed by a dolphin named Splash who was quartered at Marineland, St. Augustine, Fla. If you put your fist in the water near the edge of his tank, he would come over and grab it with his mouth.

Now, a dolphin has a total of 88—count 'em!—88 teeth! And each one seems sharper than its neighbor. Thus, although Splash grabs with his lips rather than his teeth, your natural reaction is to withdraw, fast. Whereupon Splash gives you the hee-haw. If you do want to hang on longer, incidentally, he will bring his teeth into play, increasing the pressure until you say uncle.

Fine sense of humor, that dolphin! But if all these and other such incidents indicate that the dolphin is a remarkably intelligent animal, the clincher is his brain and the use he seems to be able to make of it.

But, before we go into this, let's take a quick look at the dolphin. Just what kind of creature is he?

On the outside, he seems to be a big fish without scales. But, actually, his fishiness is only in his appearance. Inside, he is far closer to a dog, an ape, or even to a human being than he is, for example, to a shark. Even his fish-like flippers are deceiving! They contain all the bones that you find in the human arm, wrist, hand and fingers!

The dolphin, like other members of the whale family, is a mammal, even as you and I. Furthermore, he breathes air through lungs (not gills) with his "nose" being a hole located in the top of his head.

With all this, you'd expect a dolphin to be a land animal, rather than one which lives in water. And, sure enough, the dolphin's remote ancestors did live on land (still remoter ones, naturally, made the trek from water to land). Nobody knows why they got bored with a landlocked existence, but at least some of them did and wandered back into the water again where they became whales, porpoises, dolphins and the like.

So much for evolution. The modern dolphin has a brain a whole lot larger than those of his remote ancestors. It weighs, in fact, slightly more than that of the average man. The average human brain weighs about 1450 grams, while that of

the average dolphin is about 1700 grams. A gorilla, incidentally, has a brain that weighs only 450 grams.

But when it comes to intelligence, brain weight is only part of the story. The cell density and the amount of folding of the so-called cerebral surface have more to do with brain power than sheer size. In both of these factors, the dolphin has the advantage!

What use can they make from the formidable brain power? Nobody knows for certain. But Lilly's experiments appear to show that dolphins have curious and enquiring minds to go along with their big brains.

For one thing, there's that mimicking of the human voice. In the beginning, at least, the words were not taught to the dolphin. They were volunteered in a kind of "Donald Duckish" voice.

This mimicry was not an easy job. A dolphin's communication with others of its kind is carried out in a complicated series of whistles—some of which are pitched so high the human ear can't hear them. In order to imitate human speech and communicate with us, they must use other than their normal "speech."

The dolphin's whistles, by the way, formed the basis of an occasion when one of the animals performed an experiment on Lilly. He was whistling to the dolphin in series—first one whistle, then two, then three—and the dolphin was answering in the same way. Then Lilly noticed an odd thing: The dolphin's whistles rose in pitch until the man could not hear them, although he knew that the dolphin was still whistling. When he signaled that he could not hear the sounds, the dolphins lowered the pitch, raised it again to make sure, and finally kept it within the required range.

Apparently, the dolphin wanted to learn something about humans, made his experiment and then was satisfied.

Also, the dolphin's ability to learn mechanical things is rather astounding. One experiment in turning on a switch which takes a smart monkey some 300 tries to master, was learned by a dolphin in a single attempt.

Someday, not too far in the future, dolphins may well be the partners of human beings, assisting us in exploring the ocean and even in wartime with anti-submarine work.

In the meantime, though, if you should see a dolphin swimming beside you in the ocean, be careful how you talk to him. Treat him with respect and never use impolite language. He may surprise you and start swearing back. ###

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WISEST MAN IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 45)

refused to leave his little hut in the jungle, to travel, to accept the invitations to speak to any of the groups clamoring to hear him all over the world. He lived simply, eating of the fruit of the jungle and clothing himself in a simple, one-piece garment made of jungle fibre. He put down no man, feared no beast, uttered no harsh words and there was no doubting his sincerity. Yet, on occasion, he displayed surprising sophistication and his thoughts crystallized in a lazing of humor that made them all the more palatable to a world grown cynical.

These thoughts were not just related to the world political situation, though it was in this sphere that his clear-sightedness was most universally judged remarkable. Indeed, there was no human activity which did not profit from his interest. The brain of The Wisest Man in the World was brought to bear on the problems of nuclear scientists and research biologists, artists and writers and poets and musical composers, parents and teachers and children, chefs and winegrowers and farmers, sociologists and psychoanalysts and economists. And others; many others.

And when this brain was brought to bear, light appeared where there was darkness, the most obscure corners of the human mind were dusted of their cobwebs and grew luminous. There was no human being on the earth who did not profit in some way by the gentle advice of The Wisest Man in the World.

It was to him the doctors came when a dread disease swept an Eastern land and, scythe-like, dropped men to their bellies in the death-throes of agony. "We cannot isolate the germ that causes it," they told The Wisest Man in the World. "Help us, or our nation shall surely perish."

And The Wisest Man in the World thought but a moment. Then—"Germs change, evolve into that which they never were," he told them. "Yesterday's harmless microbe is today's carrier of death. Seek not a new germ, but re-examine the familiar ones." They followed his advice and the plague was found to be carried by the same germ as that once identified with the common cold. Within weeks a program of immunization had the nation on its feet once more.

Shortly thereafter, a great painter came to the hut in the jungle. "I find I can no longer paint," he told The Wisest Man in the World. "Acclaim and recognition have come to me, but in no work of mine have I found satisfaction. I want to paint one

painting to show the world to the world and I cannot. This project is beyond me; it is too great. And so I wallow in frustration and my brushes grow brittle with disuse."

The Wisest Man in the World smiled with kindness, and his love and respect for this creator—for all creators, everywhere—shone through the smile. "To some men," he said, "I would say, 'to show the world to the world' is to be but a mirror, and not worthy of art. But I am familiar with your work and I know this is not your intent. So, to you I say this: All things in the world are the world. Paint but a fragment of them and your ambition will be realized. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is to the world entire as one nail to a barrelful, but posterity marks it as a ray of unalterable truth. Seek not to portray the world entire, but put one small truth on canvas and your aim is realized. Now go and paint." And so he did.

Following in the artist's path, sore troubled, came a great educator to the hut of The Wisest Man in the World. "My life has been spent in imparting knowledge to the young," said this venerable old gentleman, "and now, as it nears its end, I find myself questioning if it has been a life well-spent. The young, so often, do not want knowledge. And their elders set them an example which equates success not with knowledge, but with worldly, physical things. And in my middle years, Mother Necessity took over the ivied halls and dictated a curriculum of science for the good of the nation, never stopping to ask what nation could possibly be great without some appreciation of the beauty that lies in literature and art and language and philosophy and the many other fields of learning which have grown in creasingly more neglected as our students crack books only to spit atoms. A life devoted to education, I am beginning to think, is but a life devoted to imparting the knowledge which will lead to man's annihilation."

The Wisest Man in the World heard him out and pondered the conundrum of education for extinction. Finally, he spoke: "You are mistaken, my friend, when you say the young want not knowledge. They neither do nor do not want it. It is simply there and will become a part of them regardless of their wishes. All living is but the storing of knowledge. And their elders, with all their seeming money-grubbing, culture-ignoring ways, have more knowledge, more appreciation of

beauty than either they, or you, are aware.

"Your life has not been a waste, and those who follow in your footsteps will not be wasting theirs. Beneath the surface of the minds of their students will always rest that which you have imparted. And when they're sore-ried, it will rise up as a comfort to ease their difficult times.

"Be not of faint heart because your most assiduous students apply themselves to destruction. For destruction is both a fact of life and a truth. And a truth is ever of benefit, no matter how seemingly horrendous. Once having recognized the truth of the structure of atoms, the thinking mind will ever be open to other truths; to the truth of the destruction of atoms and to the truth of preventing such destruction.

"Their way may not be your way, but it still has the elements of a truthful way. It will shed many lights and the things you count lost will be discovered to have only been mislaid. Do not despair. Live your life as an educator out to its end. You have given more than you know — and deny not that you have received as much as you've given." And the educator went away to ponder these words and to follow them to their fullest meaning.

Thus, for many years, the great and the small of the world beat a path to the hut of The Wisest Man in the World. And the last of these was a great philosopher. His questions were many and they came pouring out of him like the queries of a student directed at a revered professor whom he is sure has all the answers.

"Mine are the problems which have always vexed man," he confided to The Wisest Man in the World. "What is the purpose of life? Is there a God? Does man have a soul? Is man the ultimate, or is he still evolving?" These and many more questions he put to The Wisest Man in the World.

The Wisest Man in the World heard him out patiently. He did not interrupt, but only listened as the philosopher went down the list of questions which have plagued philosophers since the world began. Finally, the philosopher was silent.

The Wisest Man in the World smiled at him as he had smiled at the unlearned Zulu who had preceded the philosopher to the hut. "I can answer none of your questions, my friend," he said gently. "Not one. I can but give you a bit of advice. It is this: Think in other categories."

The philosopher went off to think about this statement of The Wisest Man in the World. He pondered it long and with the full capability of his mind. And the more he thought on it, the more convinced he became

of the importance of its implications. Indeed, he grew positive that it was the wisest statement he had ever heard.

He returned to the hut in the jungle and told The Wisest Man in the World what he had concluded. "I believe," he said to The Wisest Man in the World, "that this is the one great truth all mankind should consider. Am I right?"

The Wisest Man in the World smiled and shook his head. "No. It is good advice, and you are doing well to follow it, but it is not the one great truth."

"Is there not one great truth, then?"

"There is."

"What is it?"

"I'm sorry, but I have vowed not to reveal it except on my deathbed," said The Wisest Man in the World.

"Let us pray then that this truth will not be revealed for a very long time," said the philosopher. He meant it, but he could not quite hide the disappointment in his voice.

The Wisest Man in the World lowered his eyes understandingly. "It will be soon," he said.

And so it was. A few days later the word was flashed around the world that The Wisest Man in the World was dying. And with it went the information that he had said he would reveal the one great ultimate truth in his last words.

The philosopher and other philosophers from all over the world flocked to his bedside. The heads of nations chartered planes to the nearest airfields and soon presidents and kings and dictators and prime ministers and all the rulers of the world were sailing up-river to the little hut in the jungle. Scientists, artists, clergymen, writers, thinkers, doers, the great, the near-great and the ordinary flocked from all over the world in the hopes of hearing the last words—the wisest words—of The Wisest Man in the World.

The clearing was enlarged tenfold around the hut in the jungle. TV cameras, microphones, lights and equipment of all sorts was roped off from the throng which took up every available inch of space and spread thickly over the foliage of the jungle. Refreshment stands were set up and a special UN police force was brought

in to keep order. Perhaps they weren't necessary, for the crowd was quiet, solemn, reverent—and waiting.

Inside the hut itself, there were only the doctors and a chosen dozen of the most important people in the world. The philosopher was there, and the Russian premier and the American president. Also present were a world-renowned biologist, an author, an artist, a poet, a nuclear physicist, a mathematician, a musical composer, a philanthropist and a sculptor. All the other notables, and those who were not notable, remained outside.

The room was hushed. The Wisest Man in the World lay in a deep coma. "It is our opinion," the world's top doctors had told the waiting personages, "that he will not become conscious before he dies." Still they waited...

They waited and they hoped as night blanketed day and dawn erased the blackness. They waited as the circle was made once again and still The Wisest Man in the World gave no sign of emerging from the coma. They waited because however slight the chance, he had said that he would speak; he had said his last words would be a great truth; and not one among those who waited would give up hope of hearing them.

Then, on the afternoon of the third day, there was a barely perceptible fluttering of the eyelids of The Wisest Man in the World. Those who waited strained towards him as the eyes opened and focused on them one by one. Such kindness, such understanding, such love shone from those eyes! And such wisdom! Such timeless wisdom!

A quivering at his throat told them the time was come. At last the ultimate truth would be revealed. All of their ears cocked towards him in anticipation, but it was the philosopher whose eyes he caught and with the strength of his gaze drew to his bedside. The philosopher bent low over the barely moving lips. He strained to hear the barely audible, last-breath words. There were five of them:

"Two plus two is five."

The Wisest Man in the World smiled benignly on all and repeated:

"Two plus two is five."

And then he died. ###

BASEBALL'S SILLY SEASON

(Continued from page 28)

manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, Frankie Frisch. On one occasion when Klem called a player out, Frisch ran over to him screaming wildly, then faltered and collapsed to the ground. Klem leaned over him and said firmly, "Frisch, dead or alive, you're out of the game."

And of course Klem is the fellow who had a ready answer for a woman in fan who yelled from her seat, "You lousy bum, if you were my husband I'd feed you poison."

"Madam," replied Klem pleasantly, "if I were your husband I'd take it." ###

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